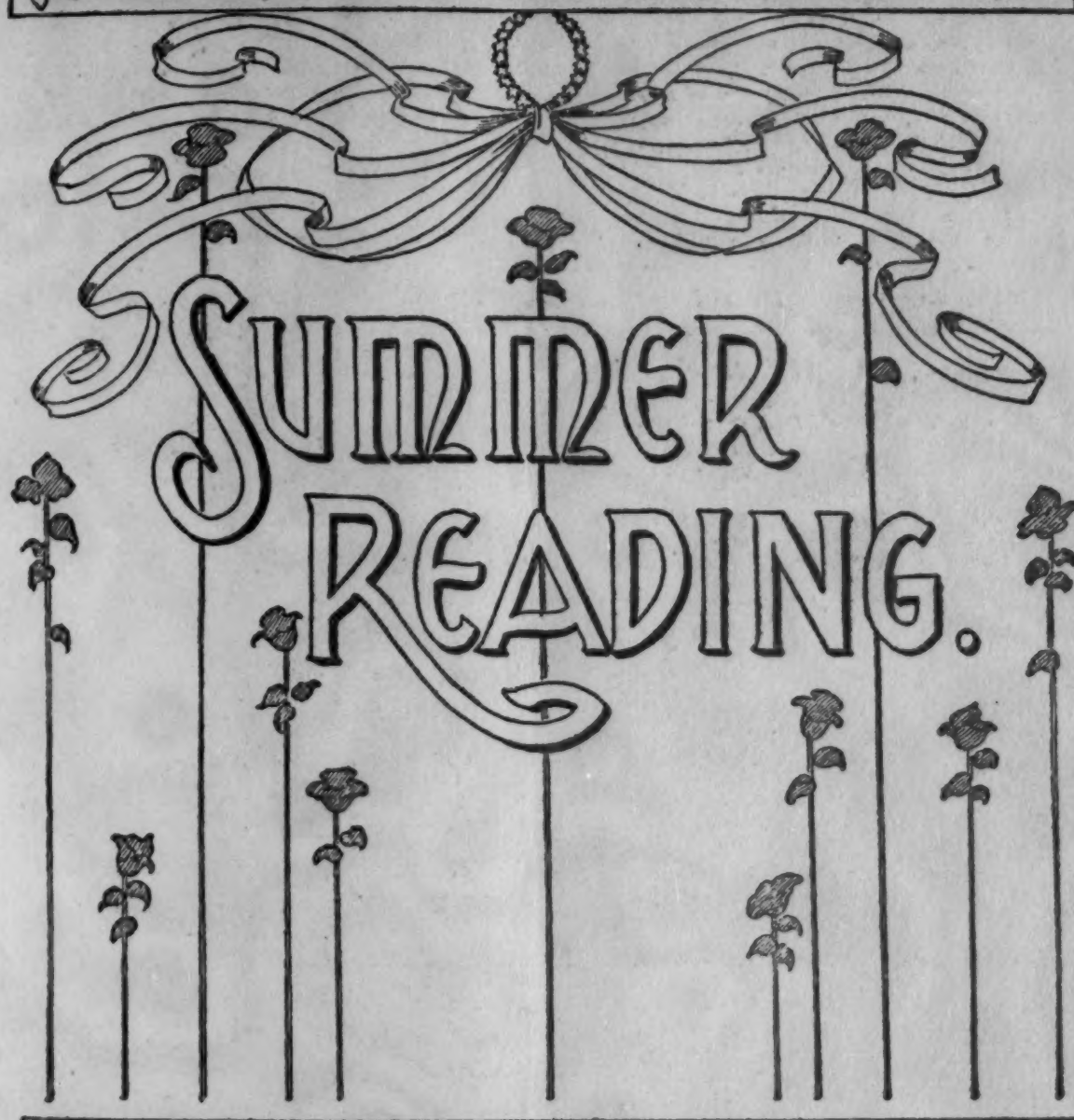
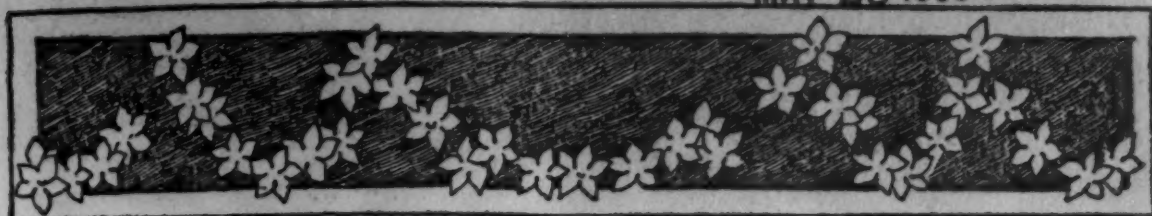


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From "Three Men on Wheels."

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AT THE KAISERHOF.

Recent Books Relating to Paris and the Paris Exposition.

PARIS the beautiful, where, some one has said, "all good Americans go when they die," has had its numerous attractions largely added to this year with its Exposition of the arts and industries of all nations. "Good Americans," however, are not waiting just now for the doubtful chance of viewing in the spirit "the only city in the world worth seeing," but are already emigrating in numbers, sadly depleting to our Summer population.

This vast army of travellers needs guide books and the latest information about Paris, and some good light reading in the way of novels to pack in the hand bag. Nearly every publisher has a good guide book to Paris and the Exposition or to London or European cities, that may be made part of the itinerary. All the well known ones have been brought up to date with special chapters on the Paris Exposition, while many new ones on fresh lines have been written, which are good reading for those who may not have the pleasure of making the ocean voyage, but may only dream about the wonders of the French capital in the quiet of home.

The magazines and other periodicals have so thoroughly covered the many interesting features of the Exposition, through photographs and graphic descriptive text, that one may be recommended to recent issues of any well known monthly for details of the Exposition itself. The many charming volumes

on Paris from English and American authors all betray a sense of the fascination of living in this old and famous city with a deep appreciation of its historical and artistic treasures.

The art of mediæval and of renaissance Paris are made the subject of Grant Allen's "Paris," one in a new series of historical guide books to the principal cities of Europe. The work is made on a plan which does not compete or clash with existing works, but rather supplements the trusty Baedeker or Murray. The information Mr. Allen has gathered and so enticingly set forth is mostly historical or antiquarian, relating to the architecture, sculpture, painting, and minor arts as displayed in the churches, religious houses and public monuments of Paris. This should form part of the travelling library of every tourist who looks upon travel as a means of culture.

"Paris As It Is" is an intimate account of its people, its home life and its places of interest, by a self-expatriated American and favorably known newspaper correspondent—Miss Katharine De Forest. "This book," she says herself, "is perhaps less a guide book than a dream book. Certainly it was written, not so much to give information as to interpret the genius of Paris." This she does through a vivid rose-colored medium and with no uncertain pen. That she loves the Paris she has lived in so long and so recently, and that she writes from her own observation and experi-

ence, is evident in every page. She tells of the theatres, the restaurants, and the great shops; of the French home and the French men of letters; of the Chamber of Deputies, the museums, the studios and much else worth knowing in a charmingly attractive style. One of the most successful books of the past publishing season relates to "Bohemian Paris of To-day." The author, W. C. Morrow, offers an authentic and picturesque study of that unconventional student life of the Latin Quarter, with its tragedies and comedies and immoralities made familiar to us through a long line of French novelists. A wealth of historic and literary reminiscences connected with the streets and buildings of Paris may be found in "The Stones of Paris," by Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Ellis Martin, two volumes finely illustrated from photographs of the homes and haunts of Molière, La Fontaine, Corneille, Racine, Balzac, and Victor Hugo, names representing the best in French literature. Tighe Hopkins's "An Idler in Old France" includes a new picture of old Paris with its many salient features. His "Dungeons of Old Paris" has a thrilling if somewhat gruesome interest.

Richard Harding Davis wrote "About Paris," in a book with that name, for which Charles Dana Gibson made characteristic illustrations. Mr. Davis gives his impressions of the streets of Paris and its show places, the *grand prix* and other characteristic scenes in his usual breezy style. The last days of the Empire, Mr. Worth and the Commune are the dominant topics of "Some Memoirs of Paris," by T. Adolphus, while to a far more distant past we are carried by Lady Jackson's "Old Paris," of which a new edition has been issued. Lady Jackson's work has maintained its popularity through many years and against many rivals. The romantic interest with which she invests her subject and her warmth

of style and enthusiasm give her book a perennial charm. Philip Gilbert Hamerton's "Paris in Old and Present Times," also shown in a new edition, is another of the works of so fine a literary quality that the demand for it never ceases. It describes many fine old buildings of Paris that were sacrificed to the improvements of the Second Empire. Stuart Henry's "Paris Days and Evenings," a succession of pen pictures of Parisian out-door life of the streets, and Lonergan's "Historic Churches of Paris" are rich in special information. The latter gives complete descriptions of the churches of Notre-Dame, the Sainte Chapelle and the St. Denis. Leaning strongly toward the useful and practical is "A Woman's Paris," written by an American woman for other American women, who wish while there "to do the agreeable things that are to do and to avoid the disagreeable things that are not to do." Thackeray's "Paris Sketch Book" would be an amusing and suggestive companion while a perfect gold mine relative to the Paris of the early years of the century remains to be quarried in the works of Honoré de Balzac. Names and streets still stand that he has used in his novels, and that one can easily people again with his characters. Daudet and Zola offer equally profitable reading to one in search of realistic pictures of the gay capital.

The prices of all the books here quoted may be found further on under lists of "Books for Summer Reading," with a special heading—"Books on Paris and London"—a few relating to the latter city being included for the many who will take it *en route*. Attention is also directed to other lists in this department giving the new novels, new books on nature, new works of travel and adventure, out-door sports and exercises, etc. Readers should also carefully consult the advertising pages.



From "Bohemian Paris of To-day." Copyright, 1899, by J. P. Lippincott & Co.

TAKING PICTURES TO THE SALON.

From Death to Life.

From Brady's "The Grip of Honor." (Scribner.)

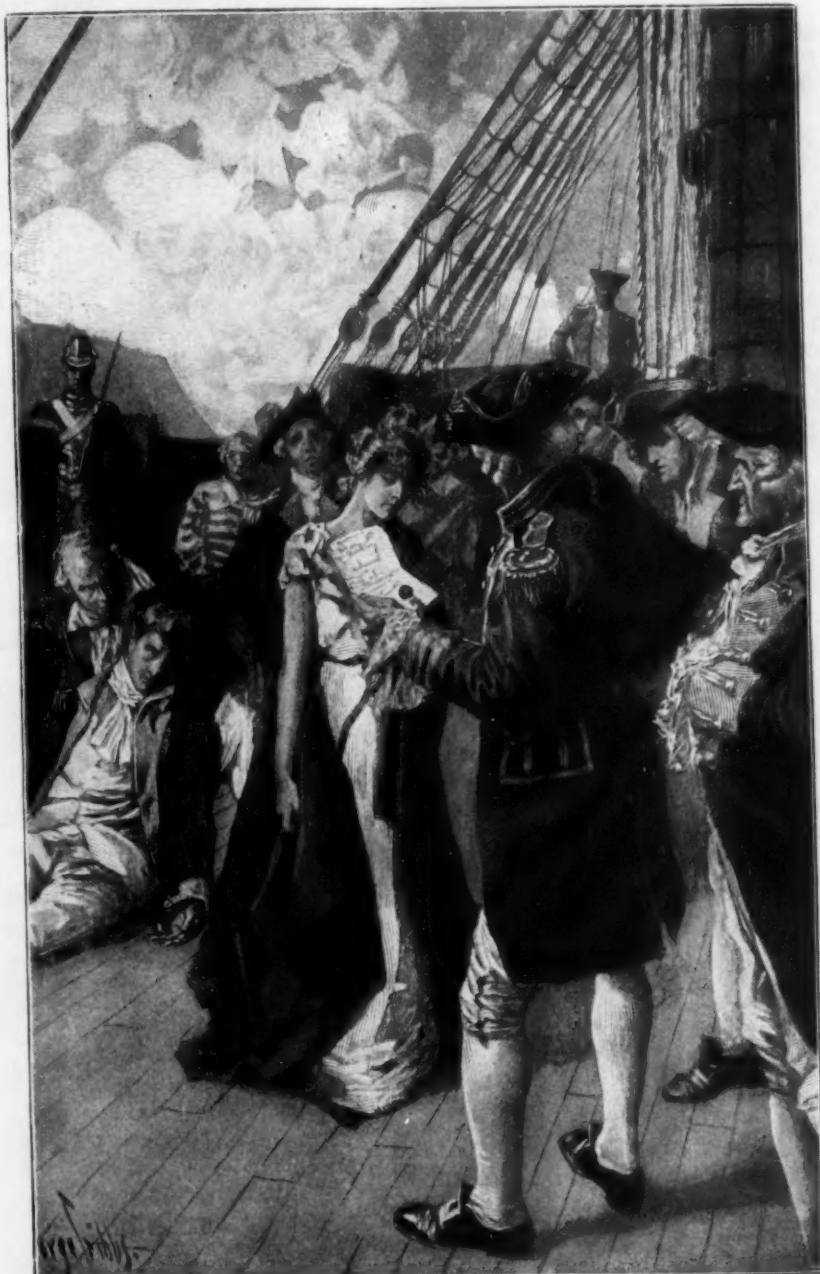
"WILL you please to step up here, sir?" said Pascoe, the first lieutenant of the *Serapis*, who had the matter in charge, pointing to the grating on the rail as they came abreast of it.

"It is a fair and easy place from which to

"And that is?"

"Throw away that black cap, sir. Let me go with my eyes open." The lieutenant hesitated a moment. The whole ship's company was filled with admiration for the intrepid and gallant Irishman.

"Do it for God's sake, Pascoe!" whispered Coventry, springing up alongside O'Neill and



From "The Grip of Honor."

Copyright, 1900, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"IT SEEMS TO BE MADE OUT PROPERLY."

step to heaven, sir, or to the other place as well," said the Irishman, smiling, as he stepped on the rail. "I pray you to tell your men to start me on my way with a quick pull and a swift run." Pascoe nodded in comprehension. This would be a case in which speed would be merciful.

A boatswain's mate now stepped up beside the prisoner, and bound his feet and hands with a lashing. A hangman's knot had been made by expert fingers in the rope leading from the yard-arm, and the running noose was quickly cast about O'Neill's neck.

"The collar of an ancient order, this," observed O'Neill, still smiling. "And now one last request, sir," he added, turning to the lieutenant.

the sailor, who, to avoid him, stepped back and stood on the rail by the fore shrouds.

The officer hesitated a moment, and then threw the cap into the water.

"I thank you," said O'Neill huskily. "How much time is there?"

"About two minutes, I think," said the lieutenant, nervously.

"You will run away with the fall at the first or last stroke of the bell?"

"The last, sir."

"No more," said O'Neill to Coventry, turning his face in the direction of the shore. The deep voice of the white-robed priest alone broke the silence,—

"Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts; shut not Thy merciful ears to our

prayer ; but spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, Thou most worthy Judge eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from Thee."

Out on the water a white-sailed little boat was speeding swiftly towards them. There was a woman in it. The eyes of love, even in the presence of death, are keen, perhaps even keener then than ever. It was Elizabeth Howard. O'Neill recognized her at once. Good Heavens ! Why had she come here ? She would arrive in time to see him swinging lifeless from the yard-arm—a hideous sight for any woman. He could not take his eyes from her.

"See" he whispered to Coventry, "that boat yonder ; she is there."

"My God !" said the officer, "What shall we do ?"

"Nothing ; it is too late."

"She has something in her hand," cried Coventry. "What can it be ?"

"Forward, there !" cried the captain, watch in hand. "Strike the bell five !"

The mellow tones of the first couplet of the ship's bell rang out in obedience to the command. The hour has come ! It was his death signal, but O'Neill never turned his head from the approaching boat.

"Stand by !" shouted the lieutenant, in a voice he strove in vain to make firm. "Make a quick jerk and a lively run, lads, for God's sake !"

The men grasped the rope more firmly, sprang into position for the jump. The next couplet was struck on the bell. The boat was nearer now. Coventry saw that the woman waved something that looked like a paper in her hand. The last stroke of the bell rang out on the breathless, silent ship.

"Set taut !" cried the lieutenant, hoarsely. "The men leaped forward instantly to the shrill piping of the boatswain and his mate. "Sway away !" he cried.

The tightened rope caught the Irishman by the throat. A lightning flash seemed to cleave the skies ; he saw, as in a vision, a great hall hung with arras, a picture-frame, a woman radiant, beautiful, her eyes shining, an upraised hand ; like silver bells a voice murmured, "I love him." She moved—ah, a gigantic hand caught him by the throat ; he strove to cry out ; it clutched him tighter and tighter ; blackness like a pall fell before him, shutting out the smiling face—death—agony—he saw no more—he swung into the air and was nothing.

The quick eye of Major Coventry had detected, at last, what the girl was waving.

"That paper," he cried frantically, as the last bell struck. It must be a reprieve ; the admiral has relented.

Was it too late ? Quick as thought he snatched the sheath-knife from the belt of the sailor near him. It was too late to stop the men on the rope, even had he possessed the power ; but as O'Neill rose in the air, he caught him around the waist, and with one rapid blow severed the straining rope above his head. Assisted at once by the sailor alongside of him, they lowered the bound, unconscious man upon the deck beneath them. It was all done in the twinkling of an eye. The men on the ship broke out in ringing cheers."

The Cycle Poster Artist.

From Jerome's "Three Men on Wheels." (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

WHEN one comes to think of it, few bicycles do realize the poster. On only one poster that I can recollect have I seen the rider represented as doing any work. But then, this man was being pursued by a bull. In ordinary cases the object of the artist is to convince the hesitating neophyte that the sport of bicycling consists in sitting on a luxurious saddle and being moved rapidly in the direction you wish to go by unseen Heavenly powers.

Generally speaking, the rider is a lady, and then one feels that for perfect bodily rest combined with entire freedom from mental anxiety, slumber upon a water-bed cannot compare with bicycling upon a hilly road. No fairy travelling on a summer cloud could take things more easily than does the bicycle girl, according to the poster. Her costume for cycling in hot weather is ideal. Old-fashioned landladies might refuse her lunch, it is true ; and a narrow-minded police force might desire to secure her and wrap her in a rug preliminary to summoning her. But such she heeds not. Uphill and downhill, through traffic that might tax the ingenuity of a cat, over road surfaces calculated to break the average steam-roller she passes, a vision of idle loveliness ; her fair hair streaming to the wind, her sylph-like form poised airily, one foot upon the saddle, the other resting lightly upon the lamp. Sometimes she condescends to sit down on the saddle ; then she puts her feet upon the rests, lights a cigarette, and waves above her head a Chinese lantern.

Less often, it is a mere male thing that rides the machine. He is not so accomplished an acrobat as is the lady ; but simple tricks, such as standing on the saddle and waving flags, drinking beer or beef-tea while riding, he can and does perform ; something, one supposes, he must do to occupy his mind. Sitting still hour after hour on this machine, having no work to do, nothing to think about, must pall upon any man of active temperament. Thus it is that we see him rising on his pedals, as he nears the top of some high hill, to apostrophise the sun or address poetry to the surrounding scenery.

Occasionally the poster pictures a pair of cyclists ; and then one grasps the fact how much superior for purposes of flirtation is the modern bicycle to the old-fashioned parlor or the played-out garden gate. He and she mount their bicycles, being careful, of course, that they are of the right make. After that they have nothing to think about but the old sweet tale. Down shady lanes, through busy towns on market days, merrily roll the wheels of the "Bermondsey Company's Bottom Bracket Britain's Best," or of the "Camberwell Company's Jointless Eureka." They need no pedalling ; they require no guiding. Give them their heads, and tell them what time you want to get home, and that is all they ask. While Edwin leans from his saddle to whisper the dear old nothings in Angelina's ear, while Angelina's face, to hide its blushes, is turned toward the horizon at the back, the magic bicycles pursue their even course.

And the sun is always shining, and the roads are always dry !

The Bears' Kindergarten.

*From Seton-Thompson's "Biography of a Grizzly."
(Century Co.)*

THEY were well acquainted with the common little brown ants that harbor under logs in the uplands, but now they came for the first time on one of the hills of the great, fat, luscious Wood-ant, and they all crowded around to lick up those that ran out. But they soon found that they were licking up more cactus-prickles and sand than ants, till their mother said in Grizzly, "Let me show you how."

She knocked off the top of the hill, then laid her great paw flat on it for a few moments, and as the angry ants swarmed on to it she licked them up with one lick, and got a good rich mouthful to crunch, without a grain of sand or a cactus-stinger in it. The cubs soon learned. Each put up both his little brown paws, so that there was a ring of paws all around the ant-hill, and there they sat, like children playing "hands," and each licked first the right and then the left paw, or one cuffed his brother's ears for licking a paw that was not his own, till the ant-hill was cleared out and they were ready for a change.

Ants are sour food and made the Bears thirsty, so the old one led down to the river. After they had drunk as much as they wanted, and dabbled their feet, they walked down the bank to a pool, where the old one's keen eye caught sight of a number of buffalo-fish basking on the bottom. The water was very low, mere pebbly rapids between these deep holes, so Mammy said to the little ones:

"Now you all sit there on the bank and learn something new."

First she went to the lower end of the pool

and stirred up a cloud of mud which hung in the still water, and sent a long tail floating like a curtain over the rapids just below. Then she went quietly round by land, and sprang into the upper end of the pool with all the noise she could. The fish had crowded to that end, but this sudden attack sent them off in a panic, and they dashed blindly into the mud-cloud. The old Grizzly jerked them out to the bank, and the little ones rushed noisily on these funny, short snakes that could not get away, and gobbled till their little bellies looked like balloons.

They had eaten so much now, and the sun was so hot, that all were quite sleepy. So the Mother-bear led them to a quiet little nook, and as soon as she lay down, though they were puffing with heat, they all snuggled around her and went to sleep, with their little brown paws curled in, and their little black noses tucked into their wool as though it were a very cold day.

After an hour or two they began to yawn and stretch themselves, except little Fuzz, the smallest; she poked out her sharp nose for a moment, then snuggled back between her mother's great arms, for she was a gentle, petted little thing. The largest, the one afterward known as Wahb, sprawled over on its back and began to worry a root that stuck up, grumbling to himself as he chewed it, or slapped it with his paw for not staying where he wanted it. Presently Mooney, the mischief, began tugging at Frizzle's ears, and got his own well boxed. They clenched for a tussle; then, locked in a tight, little grizzly yellow ball, they sprawled over and over on the grass, and, before they knew it, down a bank, and away out of sight toward the river.



From "The Biography of a Grizzly."

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LIKE CHILDREN PLAYING HANDS.

The Diamond Star-Gazer.

From Hichens's "The Slave." (Herbert S. Stone.)

THE girl was gazing at some jewels. Behind the plate-glass of the shop there was a gentle slope of pale amber velvet, over which a number of small and shaded electric lights shed a strong white radiance. Stretched upon this velvet slope were diamonds—a chain, earrings, bracelets, a watch, a pendant, a narrow crown. They sparkled fiercely and glowed with a brilliance that was angry. The amber velvet was their humble foil. As they shone out to the street they were like contemptuous living things, indifferent in their glory as a woman who has her foot on the world. And the depths of their silver fire seemed illimitable. In these depths the absorbed girl drowned herself with a grave earnestness that was like the eagerness of sensuality. Her lips parted. Her eyes began to shine. Her small nostrils widened. And then suddenly there floated into her face a sort of mist of romance, of the romance of jewelled things in which lives light and changing radiance. She had been intent. She became imaginative. She had been watching—a soul in her eyes. She seemed now to be thinking—a soul in her heart. The loveliness of dreaming ran over her and the magic of desire. She developed softly into a still marvel of expression under the piercing influence of the angry jewels, which glittered at her, and at the indifferent crowd that flowed by her, with the impudence of accomplished courtesans.

"For instance, the future of that girl—can't you read it?"

"No," Aubrey said with a cold abruptness.

"It will be a future of jewels, a diamond future."

"I don't agree with you," Aubrey answered quickly, and with a flash of anger that startled his companion. "You are utterly wrong—mistaken."

As he spoke he moved forward till he stood by the girl before the diamonds. He raised his hat and addressed some words to her. She turned slowly, withdrawing her eyes from the jewels as if the action were a renunciation which hurt her physically. It seemed that she was indeed a dreamer who could only return from dreamland with pain. But when she saw Aubrey, her lips curved upwards in a smile and she held out her hand.

"Aren't those diamonds pretty?" she said lightly.

"Beautiful! Do you want them?"

This was said for Sir Reuben.

"I suppose all women want pretty things, now and then, for a moment; and men too."

A gleam of coquetry had come into her eyes.

"Sometimes men want pretty things for longer than that," Aubrey said, lowering his voice.

"Do they?" she answered. "I thought they got tired of—things sooner than women. My mother always says so. Isn't she right? Don't answer. You aren't certain. I must be going. Poor Marie is longing to sit down."

"So you know the diamond star-gazer?" said Sir Reuben as Aubrey joined him.

"Everybody knows Lady Caryll Knox," Aubrey answered curtly.

"Who is she?"

"Lord St. Ormyn's daughter."

"St. Ormyn's daughter! She will get no jewels from him."

"Is St. Ormyn as poor as ever?" Sir Reuben asked.

"Poorer."

"I should have thought that was impossible. But Lady Caryll won't be a governess."

"No?"

"No. She has made up her mind what her life is to be."

"You think so?" Aubrey said, crossing his long legs with deliberation and speaking with a slightly frosty slowness.

"I am sure of it."

"And what is it, then?"

"A vista of jewels."

Aubrey shook his head slightly but did not speak. Sir Reuben repeated—

"A vista of jewels such as Aladdin may have seen when he descended into the enchanted cavern. Imagination is rare in Englishwomen, but Lady Caryll has it. As she looked at those diamonds she saw her jewelled life, the life that she desires, that she will have. She saw her days of diamonds, of blood-red rubies, of sapphires like the sky of night, of emeralds from the mines of Muzo or from the mountains of Sahara, of orange and crimson vermilions from the East, and spotted turquoises from Persia."

"Did you watch Lady Caryll's face when she was looking at those diamonds?" he said.

"Yes," said Aubrey.

"Don't you think she cares for jewels?"

"As she cares for all beauty. Lady Caryll loves what is beautiful. Those diamonds are beautiful; therefore she looked at them, merely for that reason."

"And lost herself in their fire? No, Aubrey; she was sunk in a lovely dream of light and color, perhaps, but she was facing her career also. She was thinking of her future as a boy does when he decides on his profession. She means to possess jewels, as the boy means to possess—what? The Victoria Cross, perhaps, if he is going to be a soldier; or a house in Cavendish Square if he is going to be a doctor. And why not? She is like a diamond herself, with that wonderful live white complexion, that sparkling hair, and those glittering grey eyes."

"You have only seen her once, and you don't understand her at all," said Aubrey.

"I have only seen her once, but I have seen many women," Sir Reuben replied.

"I hate that judging of sexes in a crowd," he said, "the women all on one side, the men all on the other. In a crowd of a hundred women there are a hundred individualities."

"And the same little core—the eternal woman—in the heart of each? Would you say that Lady Caryll has it?"

"I say that Lady Caryll is not like ordinary girls."

"I agree with you. She has a character far more strange and decisive than most girls."

"Strange—yes, she is that."

"Strange as a jewel. And what, after all, is stranger than a jewel? Yes, Lady Caryll is like a jewel, and you know Aubrey, I understand jewels."

Enter Her Majesty.

From Chambers' "The Conspirators." (Harper.)

THERE came another sound, at first far off, but now nearer, ever nearer—a dull beating that grew into a throb, then a thudding tattoo, vibrating through the night. I knew what it was; so did Edric. The gendarmes at the lower gateways called the "Alert," then rode out to the great park gate where, from the shrouded woods, a stream of torches, one after another, flashed along in an irregular line. The torches were carried by horsemen, great burly fellows on tremendous horses, and after them thundered squadron after squadron of heavy cavalry, the rolling shocks of their drumming hoof-beats shaking the terrace.

"It's the Dutch cavalry!" shouted Giroux, galloping up and waving his arms as I hastened down the steps. I saw De Ruyter, gray with dust, draw bridle on the lawn and bow to his saddle bow as, through the flare of the torches, between double ranks of cavalry, a carriage with outriders swept up the drive and stopped. Then I saw the Duke at the carriage door, bareheaded, and the Duchess, on her husband's arm, curtsying low, as cheer after cheer broke from the crowding cavalry, and a thousand sabres were unsheathed and lifted.

Somebody was stepping daintily from the gilded carriage—a young girl wrapped to the eyes in furs. She stood for a moment looking up at the chateau, smiling, pensive, silent.

But the cheers broke out anew and the sabre-blades turned and flashed blood-red in the torch-light, and the Duke raised his cap and cried:

"Long live her gracious Majesty, Queen Wilhelmina of Holland!"

The cheers swept the ranks like volleys along the battle-line. The white marble steps, glimmering red under the reflected torch-glow, were crowded with brilliant throngs now, for the Queen was mounting the escalier, slowly, serene, a faint smile curving her lips, her eyes and hair brilliant in the shifting light.

Bareheaded I backed against the balustrade and bowed; his Excellency bowed beside me, and took his place next to a fat Dutch general, with mottled cheeks and a needle-like mustache. Suddenly there came a halt in the long line: the Queen had stopped full in the radiance of the terrace lamps, her eyes fixed on a figure that stood motionless on the terrace—so close that her furs almost brushed his breast. The figure was Prince



From "The Conspirators"

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THE QUEEN HAD STOPPED FULL IN THE RADIANCE OF THE TERRACE LAMPS.

Edric; and if his face was pale, hers was whiter still. The next instant the Queen had passed.

The Music of My Dreams.

From "The Prose of Edward Rowland Sill." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

THIS habitual presentation in the mind of these broken, wavering melodies, always on a half-fierce and half-pathetic minor key, had continued for some ten years when I made my first acquaintance, by chance, with the folk-music of the Welsh. It was on a Cunarder in mid-ocean, on the voyage to Liverpool. One evening I was loitering up and down the deck in the warm moonlight, when a group of steerage passengers, sitting or reclining about the foot of the foremast, began to sing in a low and half-unconscious strain in the midst of their talk. They were, it seems, Welsh people, who were choosing this particular time to revisit the fatherland because of an approaching *Eisteddfod*, somewhere in South Wales. It was, I perceived instantly, the "music of my dreams." To the best of my knowledge and belief, I had never heard these tunes, or any such tunes,



From "Ouirda."

Copyright, 1900, by Drexel Biddle.

COUNTESS LOVEAU DE CHAVANNE.

sung, whistled, or played anywhere before. It had so happened that I had never lived in or near any Welsh settlements. I had never chanced to make the acquaintance of so much as one solitary Welsh person, so far as I know. Yet here, sung by these returning Cymric exiles in the yellow moonlight, as we rose and fell on the gently heaving waves—here were the very strains that had for years been floating, unbidden and recognized, through my brain. I do not mean to say that the precise phrases and cadences were here. But the character, the musical moods and tenses, the tone-color, were the same.

My explanation of the fact is simple, but to most will probably be incredible. I have Welsh blood in my family, far back on my mother's side. By some freak of heredity the music of my Welsh ancestors has come down through six, eight, or ten generations, as a dormant germ, and come to life again—a dim, somnolent, imperfect life, to be sure—in a corner of my brain.

Regilding a Coronet of Europe.

From the Countess de Chavanne's "Ouirda."
(Drexel Biddle.)

"You are a good actor, Monsieur le Comte," said Madame Montfort, "but you cannot deceive me. Listen! You can have a grand future if you desire. I know your past life, and I am familiar with the details of your present embarrassment. I divine the desperate intent lurking in your thoughts at this very moment." She stopped, then asked, almost in a whisper, "Would you have any objection to marriage?"

"Good heavens, Madame; you say you know all my present difficulties, and yet you ask me such a question. Who would have me—some poor girl that I could not even feed?"

"No, a very pretty girl very rich, splendidly connected, who will at once put you in a position to attain all you may desire, free you from all your liabilities, and reinstate you in your former prestige."

"Vraiment, Madame! How shall it be accomplished, and what are the terms?" he asked, lowering his voice.

"Fifty thousand francs to me on your wedding-day and the same amount in three months' time."

She continued to talk, but the Count was not listening. He looked about the superb room, so full of reminders of the past greatness of his family; then he thought of the multitude of obligations that were threatening him on every side, and of the only release, suicide! But now another chance of life was offered to him. He could once more set his foot on the world that had ruined him, and had driven him to such desperation.

He turned to Madame Montfort and asked for a clearer explanation. She again repeated—

"Fifty thousand francs down, and the same amount in three months' time, to be paid out of your wife's dowry."

"Listen," she continued. "I thought of you and have already talked in your favor to the young lady. I know she would like a title; all young girls do. I could have found any number of titled gentlemen, but I preferred you. You are a beau garçon; it will appear more romantic. And then I like you."

So far no name had been mentioned. The Count now inquired the lady's name. Madame Montfort arose.

"Pardonnez-moi, Monsieur!" she said, handing him a document. "After this contract is signed."

The Count took the paper from her hand, glanced carefully over its contents, and remarked—

"I see you have not forgotten anything."

After a moment's hesitation and reflection, he said slowly—

"I accept the conditions, and will sign your contract."

"Très bien! Count, you are wise, and I will now tell you how fortunate you are. The young lady in question is Miss Ouirda Winston, la belle Américaine."

Madame Montfort arose, and extended her hand for the contract which the Count had signed.

"Au revoir," she said, and withdrew, leaving on the table beside him an envelope containing ten one-thousand-franc notes.

When the Count realized that he was again alone, and that the last hour had not been a dream, he walked slowly to one of the windows, pushed aside the heavy draperies and looked out. Musing to himself, he said—

"So! It is that fair Miss Winston, that tall, graceful girl that walks with such a

queenly step; the protégé of that proud aristocratic Marquise de Verville; that beautiful American girl who has turned the heads and won the hearts of half the young men in Paris. Well, she or some other, what matters it? The girl was a small part of the bargain."

A Mexican Sunset.

From Embree's "A Dream of a Throne." (Little, Brown & Co.)

FEW are the spots where the sunsets are such as these. The red ball came to the mountain's summit and seemed to rest a moment as balancing himself on that jagged line of porphyry, glaring, a monstrous eye of fire that poured light over all the lake till the thirty vessels, outraging the region's majestic peace, were thirty burning coals in the red flood. The great circuit of peaks round all the two hundred and fifty miles of the water's circumference lit a thousand fires. That porphyry gleamed with every shade of color from dazzling white, to emerald, to blue, to purple, to the red of red blood. Fleecy clouds glistened with the tints of shells: vapor banks in the west towered dark with blazing edges. Streamers of flame lay stretched over the zenith. Even the east answered with fleeting fires.

The red ball was gone and the fires were fading. She put her hand for the twentieth time over her eyes and looked away to the west. And the white mist was there—the mist she knew—far away, fleecy, beautiful; but to her it was another and a heavier grief. She knew the wind was coming.

Rodrigo saw it too. Nearly every evening from September to June while the dry season lasts the wind comes up from the west. It usually arrives at sunset or a little after or a little before. It is sometimes much later, and rarely it comes not at all. He had counted on something near a certainty. His heart bounded when he saw that mist. There were six boats left to load and the one from Ajicjic was near at hand. He spurred his men on to double efforts. The knowledge of a quickly coming wind was like wine to them. The first three of the six canoes were brought up. The white mist was a little larger and a little whiter. There came, out of the mist of the sunset's beauties, a little breeze. It struck the cheek with a sudden coolness. And

as suddenly as a pebble might have stirred it the water crinkled like crêpe. The breeze continued dallying, wonderfully light. The mist came a little closer and then suddenly dispersed. Then the wind was there, blowing hair about sweating faces, cotton skirts about the limbs of women, dust from the road. The crinkled water rose of a sudden in small waves, and the vessels were lifted and sank.

The one from Ajicjic arrived and the loading of the last three was entered upon. The waves from this time increased gradually and not slowly. This last loading was very difficult. The planks rose and sank irregularly, the vessels heaved, the horses made trouble. But a stern determination entered the men. Twenty or thirty soldiers seized each ship and literally by main force kept it from demolishing its bridge or dashing itself against a rock. The beasts were hauled, pushed, carried, half thrown into the canoes. With a final ringing shout the thing was done.

The girl on the mountain could no longer sit where she had been. She must stand. There was in her now a restlessness such as she had never known. She mechanically counted the vessels loaded.



From "A Dream of a Throne."

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"TOUCH ME IF YOU DARE."

Science Can't Buck Against Luck.

From Kiser's "Georgie." (Small, Maynard & Co.)

It was maw's Birth day yesterday, so Uncle wesley and Aunt grace came Over for dinner.

"I tell you what," paw said in the evening, "we ot to Have one of our old-fashund games of cards, where you take your partner's Best and play it alone."

Uncle wesley and Aunt grace said all rite, so after maw Put Little albert to bed they got the table Out and commenced. Paw and Aunt grace played against maw and Uncle wesley.

I sat beside Uncle wesley to Find out about the game, and the first thing I new he slipped the Joker in my hand and winked at me when paw wasn't looking.

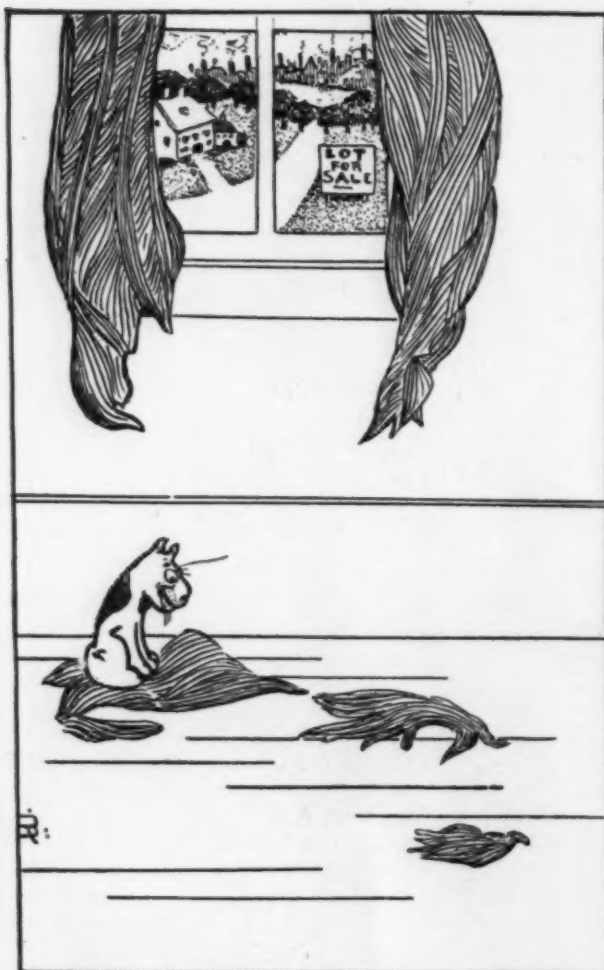
Paw he took it up and Uncle wesley traded anuther card to me for the Joker, and I guess paw would of got thru all rite if they would of let him have a fair sho.

"Well that's once," paw savs, "but the Game's yung yet."

Nearly every hand Uncle wesley would gather up the cards and slip the joker To me and beat paw, and I saw it wasn't making paw glad.

"It's very strange how cards run sometimes," he said after he got youkerd about ten times. "But it only shows you can't buck against luck. Sposing we Play sumthing else."

"All right," Uncle wesley anserd, "only I thot you were a nexpert at this game."



From "Georgie." Copyright, 1900 by Small, Maynard & Co.

THE PUPP.

"I don't pretend to be a nexpert at enny game," paw told him, "but I think I no a few Things about how cards ot to be played when you Have them in your hand. Just to sho you How easv it is for syunce to beat Hap hazzard playing when things get to Going even I'll play you a few more games. Cards can't run that way all the time."

Then Uncle wesley gave me the Joker again, and paw rinkled his forrid and looked Like if he was trying not to smile and sed:

"I gess I'll play it alone. Partner gimmy your Best."

Uncle wesley took my Joker and maw's Best and played it alone against paw, and if Paw would of got two more Tricks Uncle wesley wouldn't of won. Paw sat Back and looked like a body feels when they are up stairs and think they ain't, and sed:

"Wes, it's kind of Strange how you get that joker every time."

"Oh, I don't no," Uncle wesley told him; "I hope you don't think I'd cheat over a friendly little Game do you?" Then he gave me a knudge, with his nee.

"Oh, I no you're not Cheating," paw anserd. "Nobody ever cheated me at cards yet. I no a Little too much about the game for that. It's the way the cards run, That's all. I never had such luck in my life Before. But go ahed. Peeple that can't play always have the Luck on their side at first, but it's got to Change some time."

Maw delt and paw ordered her Up. Then Uncle wesley played the Joker and a nace after Maw had one trick, and Paw grabbed up the cards and threw them all on the flore, and sed he wouldn't Play the game enny more becoz they was no syunce in it.

"Why, paw," maw says, "I'm surprised at you getting in a Temper over a game of cards."

"I'm not in enny temper," paw said. "Just to sho you, I'll get some other cards, and then we'll see."

After he delt out the new ones maw played it alone. and Uncle wesley handed her the joker. He happened to Get it fair that time, and maw took everything.

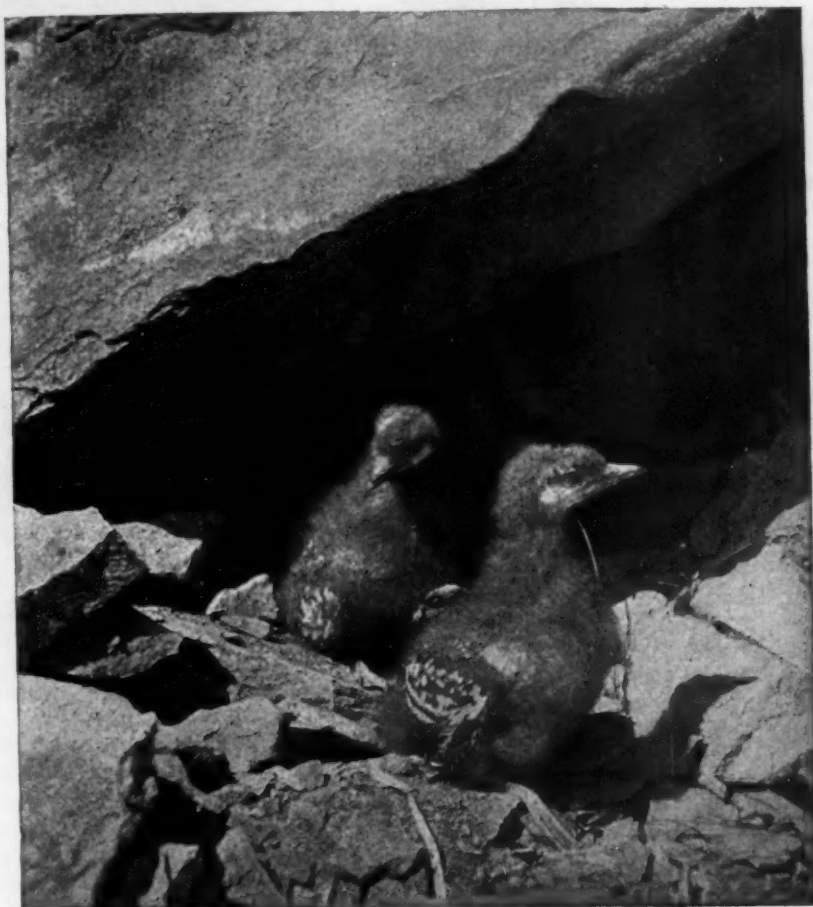
Paw kind of scrooched down in his chair and Looked over the top of his glasses at me becoz I had to laff out, and sed:

"It's offe funny, isn't it? I gess You better go to bed."

"Oh, let him stay up awhile," maw told him, and Uncle wesley and Aunt grace sed they wasn't enny use being too strict, so paw didn't say enny more till the next hand. He took it up and didn't Get a trick. Then he skoooped up all the cards and threw them in the grate.

"You don't think I didn't play a square Game, do you?" Uncle wesley ast.

"Oh, what's the use talking about it," paw anserd pretty disgusted. "I hope you don't s'pose I care a Cent about a little thing like this, only it gets Kind of tiresome never to have a Decent card in your hand. I never lose my temper Over cards, but when a Person that knows how can't beat a cupple of peeple that haven't enny more idea about it than a cat has About politicks, what's the use?"



From "Bird Studies with a Camera." Copyright, 1900, by D. Appleton & Co.

YOUNG GUILLEMOTS.

The Charm of Bird Photography.

From Chapman's "Bird Studies with a Camera."
(Appleton.)

As a one-time sportsman, who yielded to none in his enjoyment of the chase, I can affirm that there is a fascination about the hunting of wild animals with a camera as far ahead of the pleasure to be derived from their pursuit with a shotgun or rifle as the sport found in shooting Quail is beyond that of breaking clay "Pigeons." Continuing the comparison, from a sportsman's standpoint, hunting with a camera is the highest development of man's inherent love of the chase.

The killing of a bird with a gun seems little short of murder after one has attempted to capture its image with a lens. The demands on the skill and patience of the bird photographer are endless, and his pleasure is intensified in proportion to the nature of the difficulties to be overcome, and in the event of success it is perpetuated by the infinitely more satisfactory results obtained. He does not rejoice over a bag of mutilated flesh and feathers, but in the possession of a trophy—an eloquent token of his prowess as a hunter, a talisman which holds the power of revivifying the circumstances attending its acquisition.

What mental vision of falling birds can be as potent as the actual picture of living birds in their homes? And how immeasurably one's memories are brightened by the fact that this is not a picture of what has been but of what is!

The camera thus opens the door to a field of sport previously closed to those who love birds too much to find pleasure in killing them; in whom Bob-White's ringing whistle does not give rise to murderous speculations as to the number in his family, but to an echo of the season's joy which his note voices. They therefore have a new incentive to take them out of doors; for however much we love Nature for Nature's sake, there are few of us whose pleasure in an outing is not intensified by securing some definite, lasting result.

We are not all poets and seers, finding sufficient reward for a hard day's tramp in a sunset glow or the song of a bird. Enjoy these things as we may, who would not like to perpetuate the one or the other in some tangible form?

And here we have one of the reasons for the collecting of birds and eggs long after the collector's needs are satisfied. He goes on duplicating and reduplicating merely to appease the almost universal desire to possess any admired although useless object. Once let him appreciate, however, the pleasure of hunting with a camera, the greater skill required, and the infinitely greater value of the results to be obtained, and he will have no further use for gun, climbing irons, and egg drill.

Furthermore, the camera hunter possesses the advantage over the so-called true sportsman, in that all is game that falls to his gun; there is not a bird too small or too tame to be unworthy of his attention; nor

are there seasonal restrictions to be observed, nor temptations to break game laws, but every day in the year he is free to go afield, and at all times he may find something to claim his attention.

Finally, there is to be added to the special charm of bird photography the general charm attending the use of the camera. Thousands of people are finding pleasure in the comparatively prosaic employment of photographing houses, bridges, and other patiently immovable objects wholly at the camerist's mercy. Imagine then the far greater enjoyment of successes not only of real value in themselves, but undeniable tributes to one's skill both as photographer and hunter.

A Miss of Great Fortune.

From Weyman's "Sophia." (Longmans, G. & Co.)

HER eyes fell on the book that lay open on the seat of the settle. Thinking, "He has read this to-day—his was the last hand that touched it—on this page his eyes rested," Sophia stooped for it, and holding it carefully that she might keep the place for him, reverently, for it was his, she carried it to the light. The title at the head of the page was *The Irish Register*. The name smacked so little of diversion, she thought it a political tract—for the book was thin, no more than fifty pages or so; and she was setting it back on the table when her eye, in the very act of leaving the page, caught the glint, as it were, of a name. Beside the name, on the margin, were a few pencilled words and figures; but these, faintly scrawled, she did not heed at the moment.

"Cochrane, the Lady Elizabeth?" she muttered, repeating the name that had caught her eye. "How strange! What can the book have to do with Lady Betty? It must be some kind of peerage. But she is not Irish!"

To settle the question, she raised the book anew to the light, and saw that it consisted of a list of persons' names arranged in order of rank. Only—which seemed odd—all the names were ladies' names. Above Cochrane, the Lady Elizabeth, appeared Cochrane, the Lady Anne; below came Coke, the Lady Catherine, and after each name the address of the lady followed if she were a widow, of her parents or guardians if she were unmarried.

Sophia wondered idly what it meant, and with half her mind bent on the matter, the other half intent on the coming of a footstep, she turned back to the title-page of the book. She found that the fuller description there printed ran *The Irish Register, or a list of the Duchess Dowagers, Countesses, Widow Ladies, Maiden Ladies, Widows, and Misses of Great Fortunes in England, as registered by the Dublin Society*.

Even then she was very, very far from understanding. But the baldness of the description sent a chill through her. Misses of large fortunes in England! As fortunes went, she was a miss of large fortune. Perhaps that was why the words grated upon her; why her heart sank, and the room seemed to grow darker. Turning to look at the cover of the book, she saw a slip of paper inserted towards the end to keep a place. It projected only an

eighth of an inch, but she marked it, and turned to it; something or other—it may have been only the position of the paper in that part of the book, it may have been the presence of the book in her lover's room—forewarning her; for in the act of turning the leaves, and before she came to the marker, she knew what she would find.

And she found it. First, her name, "Maitland, Miss Sophia, at the Hon. Mr. Northey's in Arlington Street." Then—yes, then, for that was not all or the worst—down the narrow margin, starting at her name, ran a note, written faintly, in a hand she knew; the same hand that had penned her one love letter, the hand from which the quill had fallen in the rapture of anticipation, the hand of her "humble, adoring lover, Hector, Count Plomer!"

She knew that the note would tell her all, and for a moment her courage failed her; she dared not read it. Her averted eyes sought instead the cupboard in the lower wainscot, which she had fancied the hiding place of the Jacobite cipher, the muniment chest where lay, intrusted to his honor, the lives and fortunes of the Beauforts and Ormondes, the Wynns and Cottons and Cecils. Was the cupboard that indeed? Or—what was it? The light reflected from the surface of the panels told her nothing, and she lowered the book and stood pondering. If the note proved to be that which she still shrank from believing it, what had she done? Or rather, what had she not done? What warnings had she not despised, what knowledge had she not slighted, what experience had she not overridden? How madly, how viciously, in the face of advice, in the face of remonstrance, in modesty's own despite, had she wrought her confusion, had she flung herself into the arms of this man! This man who—but that was the question!

She asked herself trembling, was he what this book seemed to indicate, or was he what she had thought him? Was he villain, or hero? Fortune-hunter, or her true lover? The meanest of tricksters, or the high-spirited, chivalrous gentleman, laughing at danger and smiling at death, in whom great names and a great cause were content to place their trust?

At last she nerved herself to learn the answer to the question. The wicks of the candles were burning long; she snuffed them anew, and holding the book close to the light, read the words that were delicately traced beside her name.

The Duel on the Beach.

From Balfour's "Vengeance Is Mine." (New Amsterdam Book Co.)

At a distance of twenty paces, each with a pistol in his hand and another lying loaded at his feet, with no seconds, and with, as they thought, no witnesses, the grandsons of the old Jacobite faced one another, intent on settling their differences with powder and shot.

Neither was in a happy frame of mind, but one alone appeared agitated.

No man can drink brandy to excess and have a clear head and a steady hand, and when in addition that man has an accusing conscience and a cool and collected adversary, his nerves are not likely to be composed.

So Geoffrey Darroch sweated with anxiety rather than fear, despite the cold, and Neil, looking into his face, could find it in his heart to pity him. He had no intention of trying to kill the man who reigned in Ian Darroch's stead, but he hoped to give him a lesson and make him apologize, for Neil prided himself on his obstinacy and grim determination. He was yet to learn how futile these might be, how a man may be stripped naked of all his little fads, his accumulated mannerisms and oddities, ay, and be broken in spirit and bereft even of intellect itself, by relentless fate.

Although without experience in affairs of honor, he was a good marksman. Half his time as a boy had been spent in amusing himself with one of those fine steel pistols, claw-butted and inlaid with silver, which Highland gentlemen carried as far as Derby, and used in vain on the moor of Drummossie.

He had himself well under control; he had right on his side, but he was miserable. He knew now how madly he loved Kate Ingleby. He was astonished at his own ardor, this man who sneered at the sex and had known only how frail they could become. He had reasoned and argued with this insane fancy, as at first he called it, but in vain. That sweetly serious face with merry hazel eyes, that voice with its faint drawl and its powers of song, the lissom, upright figure, the girl's naïvete, her want of conventionalism and stiffness, the airs and graces, all held him in thrall.

And now he was going to run the risk of leaving her forever. An interest had come into his life, the life he might be about to quit. He shook himself free of such gloomy thoughts. He would not, he could not be-

lieve it. He had fashioned his own character with the greatest care, and was the work of years to be snuffed out by yonder bulky, roystering toper, who openly laughed at his father's country, and made a mock of everything he held sacred?

As there was no one to give the signal, Geoffrey had proposed a plan to which Neil had agreed. Each was to have two pistols, one placed on the sand, the other held in the hand. Each was to discharge the latter in the air and then to stoop, pick up the remaining weapon, and as rapidly as possible to take aim and fire.

Naturally enough, on hearing this curious suggestion, Neil had demurred. He would have to rely wholly on the honor of his step-brother. He quietly said as much to Geoffrey, but he had mistaken his man.

"Pardon me, Mr. Darroch," the latter had replied, with the gravity of a half-sobered man, "I recognize I am dealing with a person of birth, even if he be half a foreigner and a Scotch lawyer. I trust you. Is it, therefore, too much to ask you to believe that I shall act in good faith?"

Like one report sounded the discharge of the second pistols, but one man alone fell, tottering backwards and sinking to the sand as his knees gave way.

Geoffrey Darroch stood like one dazed, with the smoking weapon in his hand. Then, as he saw the motionless figure stretched out before him, the pistol dropped from his grasp; he gave a shuddering sigh, half of relief, half of horror, and approached the body, his knees trembling, his face ashen, his very lips white and dry. He was bending over it when he heard the sound of soft, pattering footsteps.



From "Vengeance Is Mine."

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THE DUEL ON THE BEACH.

A True Gentlewoman.

From Fowler's "The Farringtons." (Appleton.)

"CALEB BATESON is a very ignorant man: he says Penny-lope."

"Says what, Elisabeth?"

"Penny-lope. I was showing him a book the other day about Penelope—the woman with the web, you know—and he called her Penny-lope. I didn't like to correct him, but I said Penelope afterward as often and as loud as I could."

"That was very ill-bred of you. Come here, Elisabeth."

The child came and stood by the old lady's chair, and began playing with a bunch of seals that were suspended by a gold chain from Miss Farrington's waist. It was one of Elisabeth's little tricks that her fingers were never idle when she was talking.

"What have I taught you are the two chief ends to which every woman should aim, my child?"

"To be first a Christian and then a gentlewoman," quoted Elisabeth glibly.

"And how does a true gentlewoman show her good breeding?"

"By never doing or saying anything that could make anyone else feel uncomfortable," Elisabeth quoted again.

"Then do you think that to display your own knowledge by showing up another person's ignorance would make that person feel comfortable, Elisabeth?"

"No, Cousin Maria."

"Knowledge is not good breeding, remember; it is a far less important matter. A true gentlewoman may be ignorant; but a true gentlewoman will never be inconsiderate."

Elisabeth hung her head. "I see."

"If you keep your thoughts fixed upon the people to whom you are talking, and never upon yourself, you will always have good manners, my child. Endeavor to interest and not to impress them."

"You mean that I must talk about their things and not about mine?"

"More than that. Make the most of any common ground between yourself and them; make the least of any difference between yourself and them; and, above all, keep strenuously out of sight any real or fancied superiority you may possess over them. I always think that Saint Paul's saying, 'To the weak became I as weak,' was the perfection of good manners."

"I don't think I quite understand."

Miss Farrington spoke in parables. "Then listen to this story. There was once a common soldier who raised himself from the ranks and earned a commission. He was naturally very nervous the first night he dined at the officer's mess, as he had never dined with gentlemen before, and he was afraid of making some mistake. It happened that the wine was served while the soup was yet on the table, and with the wine the ice. The poor man did not know what the ice was for, so took a lump and put it in his soup."

Elisabeth laughed.

"The younger officers began to giggle, as you are doing," Miss Farrington continued; "but the colonel, to whom the ice was handed next, took a lump and put it in his soup also;

and then the young officers did not want to laugh any more. The colonel was a perfect gentleman."

"It seems to me," said Elisabeth thoughtfully, "that you've got to be good before you can be polite."

"Politeness appears to be what goodness really is," replied Miss Farrington, "and is an attitude rather than an action. Fine breeding is not the mere learning of any code of manners, any more than gracefulness is the mere learning of any kind of physical exercise. The gentleman apparently, as the Christian really, looks not on his own things, but on the things of others; and the selfish person is always both unchristian and ill-bred."

Elisabeth gazed wistfully up in Miss Farrington's face. "I should like to be a real gentlewoman, Cousin Maria; do you think I ever shall be?"

We Two Were Alone on the Beach.

From Johnston's "To Have and To Hold." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

AN islet, shaped like the crescent moon, rose from out the sea before us. We needed water, and so we felt our way between the horns of the crescent into the blue crystal of a fairy harbor. One low hill, rose-colored from base to summit, with scarce a hint of the green world below that canopy of giant bloom, a little silver beach with wonderful shells upon it, the sound of a waterfall and a lazy surf—we smelt the fruits and the flowers, and a longing for the land came upon us. Six men were left on the ship, and all besides went ashore. Some rolled the water casks toward the sound of the cascade; others plunged into the forest, to return laden with strange and luscious fruits, birds, guanans, conies—whatever eatable thing they could lay hands upon; others scattered along the beach to find turtle eggs, or, if fortune favored them, the turtle itself. They laughed, they sang, they swore, until the isle rang to their merriment. Like wanton children, they called to each other, to the screaming birds, to the echoing bloom-draped hill.

I spread a square of cloth upon the sand, in the shadow of a mighty tree that stood at the edge of the forest, and the King's Ward took her seat upon it, and looked, in the golden light of the sinking sun, the very spirit of the isle. By this we two were alone on the beach. The hunters for eggs, led by Diccon, were out upon the farthest gleaming horn; from the wood came the loud laughter of the fruit gatherers, and a most rollicking song issuing from the mighty chest of Master Jeremy Sparrow. With the woodsmen had gone my lord.

I walked a little way into the forest, and shouted a warning to Sparrow against venturing too far. When I returned to the giant tree and the cloth in the shadow of its outer branches, my wife was writing on the sand with a pointed shell. She had not seen or heard me, and I stood behind her and read what she wrote. It was my name. She wrote it three times, slowly and carefully; then she felt my presence, glanced swiftly up, smiled, rubbed out my name, and wrote Sparrow's, Diccon's, and the King's in succession. "Lest



From "The Reign of Law."

Copyright, 1900, by The Macmillan Co.

THE EARLIEST SOWER OF HEMP GOES FORTH INTO THE FIELDS.

I should forget to make my letters," she explained.

I sat down at her feet, and for some time we said no word. The light, falling between the heavy blooms, cast bright sequins upon her dress and dark hair. The blooms were not more pink than her cheeks, the recesses of the forest behind us not deeper or darker than her eyes. The laughter and the song came faintly to us now. The sun was low in the west, and a wonderful light slept upon the sea.

From Knowledge to Love.

From James Lane Allen's "Reign of Law."
(Macmillan.)

AND NOW, floating to him through that mist in his brain, as softly as a nearing melody, as radiantly as dawning light, came the image of Gabriella: after he had finished with Knowledge he was ready for Love. But knowledge, truth and wisdom before every other earthly passion—that was the very soul of David. His heart thrilled and yearned for her now, in this closing hour, when everything else done—field-work, stable-work, wood-cutting, filial duties, study—when at last he was alone with himself and with the thought of her, taking heed of her solely, hearkening only to his life's need of her. In all his rude existence she was the only being he had ever known who seemed to him worthy of a place in the company of his great books. Had summons come to pack his effects to-morrow and, saying good-bye to everything else, start on a journey to the congenial places where his mighty masters lived and wrought, he would have wished her alone to go with him, sharer of life's loftiness. Her companionship wherever he might be—to have just that; to feel that she was always with him, and always one with him; to be able to turn his eyes to hers before

some vanishing firelight at an hour like this, with deep rest near him side by side!

He lingered over the first time he had ever seen her; that last winter twilight in the town, the roofs and chimneys of the houses, half-white, half-brown with melting snow, outlined against the low red sunset sky. He had not long before left the room in the university where his trial had taken place, and where he had learned that it was all over with him. He was passing along one of the narrow cross streets when at a certain point his course was barred by a heap of fresh cedar boughs, just thrown out of a wagon. Some children were gay and busy, carrying them through the side doors, the sexton aiding. Other children inside the lighted church were practising a carol to organ music; the choir of their voices swelled out through the open doors, and some of the little ones tugging at the cedar took up the strain.

She was standing on the low steps of the church, to one side, urging on the children. In one hand she held an unfinished wreath, and she was binding the dark, shining leaves with the other. A swarm of snowflakes, scarce more than glittering crystals, danced merrily about her head and flecked her black fur on one shoulder. As David, not very mindful just then of whither he was going, stepped forward across the light and paused before the pile of cedar boughs, she scarcely looked at him. But as she went on binding her leaves, she said to him, laughing softly as if to herself:—

"Jump over! Oh, help to bring them in!"

As he made no reply and for a moment didn't move, she glanced quickly at him, regretting the freedom of her words. When she saw his face, he saw the joy go out of hers; and he felt, as he turned off, that something quitted her and went with him along the black street: alone, he seemed not alone any more.

Young America in a Hotel Room.

From Bangs's *"The Mantel-Piece Minstrels."*
(A. H. Russell.)

JIMMIEBOY was living in a great big hotel which, while it contained no banisters on which he could slide, he liked very much because there were nineteen different kinds of dessert on the bill-of-fare every day, and buckwheat cakes always for breakfast.

"That's the way to have things," said Jimmieboy. "I like home very much, but when it comes to meals hotels are much nicer."

Aside from the desserts and the elevator boy, with whom he was on great terms, there was another thing about hotel life which pleased Jimmieboy very much, and that was the remarkable dial in each of the rooms by means of which anyone in these rooms could ring up anything he wanted, except the money to pay his bill—so Jimmieboy's papa had said. It was truly a wonderful thing, that dial.

One day, when everybody but himself and his mother had gone out, a card was sent up from the office stating that a certain Mrs. So-and-So had called, and Jimmieboy's mother, when she had observed the state of the parlor floor, over which marbles and parchesi men and paper dolls cut out of Sunday newspapers, and other things were strewn in great confusion, said she fancied she'd better receive Mrs. So-and-So in the public parlor. Hence, Jimmieboy, for the first time, was left alone in the room with the delightful dial. Here he was all by himself with that pointer pointing at him, and the little button seeming to grin while it softly sung the words, "Don't shove, just push." It was really too much, and about ten minutes after his mother's departure Jimmieboy yielded. Clambering upon a chair which stood directly beneath the dial, Jimmieboy seized the needle, closed his eyes, turned it about, and pressed the button. In a minute the little bell which showed that the message had been received at the office rang, and the needle flew back.

"Dear me," cried the boy in alarm, when he realized what he had done. "I do hope it isn't a saddle-horse I've rung up."

It wasn't, for a moment later a boy knocked at the door, and in response to Jimmieboy's cheerily spoken "come in," he entered, bringing with him a half-dozen of the loveliest sardines you ever saw in your life.

"Well—that's fine!" cried Jimmieboy in delight. He'd always been fond of sardines. "It beats a grab-bag at a Sunday-school fair all to pieces."

In two minutes the sardines were eaten and Jimmieboy was back at the dial again.

"Maybe I'll get a piece of pie this time," he said.

But he didn't. This time a man in a blue flannel shirt came up and asked where the trunk was. This puzzled Jimmieboy. There was only one trunk in the rooms. The rest had been unpacked and sent to the store rooms, but having been asked a question, he answered it.

"In there," he said, pointing to his mother's room.

The man in the blue shirt walked in, tried the cover, and finding that it was locked—for it contained Jimmieboy's mamma's best evening dresses, and she wished to have them under lock and key—hoisted it on his shoulder and walked out.

"Where's it to go, young un?" the porter asked as he passed Jimmieboy.

"Don't know," said Jimmieboy. "I didn't know it was going anywhere."

"Maybe they'll know at the office," said the porter, and he was gone and the trunk with him.

"Funny about that piece of pie," thought Jimmieboy. "Maybe they didn't understand; I'll try again."

Back he went to the dial and repeated his experiment.

Five minutes elapsed when up came the hall-boy again. This time, however, he didn't bring sardines, nor had he the pie which Jimmieboy had hoped for, but he did have one of the handsomest chicken salads you ever dreamed of. It looked like a beautiful garden with flowers all over it.

"Is that all?" asked the boy.

"I guess so," said Jimmieboy, his mouth watering as he gazed at the salad.

And the boy departed.

In a little while the salad was eaten and Jimmieboy began again at the dial. It went on in much the same way as before, only things began to come in more rapidly, for Jimmieboy grew somewhat excited as he proceeded and did not wait for one message to be answered before sending another.

Finally there was a great racket in the hall, and a tremendous pounding on the door which startled poor little Jimmieboy very much.

"C—come in," he cried.

And in rushed three men with fire extinguishers on their backs, and behind them came the housekeeper, the head clerk, two porters and the proprietor of the house. The housekeeper was very pale, but she did not lose her presence of mind. Sweeping all the bric-à-brac from the mantel-piece into a large clothes basket she had the maids carry it out into the hall. The porters seized all the furniture and rushed out of the room with it; the head clerk emptied all the bureau drawers into a sheet and had them carried out, while the proprietor grabbed up the wondering Jimmieboy and carried him down to the office where he would be out of the way.

Meanwhile the men with the fire extinguishers were running here and there in the apartments looking for a fire.

"There doesn't seem to be any except in the fireplace," said one of them, and just then Jimmieboy's mother appeared, bringing with her Mrs. So-and-So, who had expressed a desire to see the rooms, which she had been told were so attractive.

"What on earth is the matter?" cried Jimmieboy's mother.

"Fire," said one of the chambermaids. "We've got everything out of the room though."

"But—where is Jimmieboy?"

"Oh, he's safe," said the housekeeper kindly. "We had him taken down stairs."

Harry, Can You Save My Sister?

From M. E. Wilkins' "The Heart's Highway."
(Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"MASTER WINGFIELD," said a voice so gently and sweetly repellent and forbidding, even while it entreated, that it shivered the air with discord, and I looked around, and there stood Catherine Cavendish. She stood quite near the rock where I sat, but she kept her head turned slightly away as if she could not bear the sight of my face, though she was constrained to speak to me.

I rose and stepped from my rock to the green shore, and she moved a little back with a slight courtesy. "Good-morning, Mistress Catherine," I said.

"What know you of what my sister hath done and the cargo that came yesterday on the *Golden Horn*?"

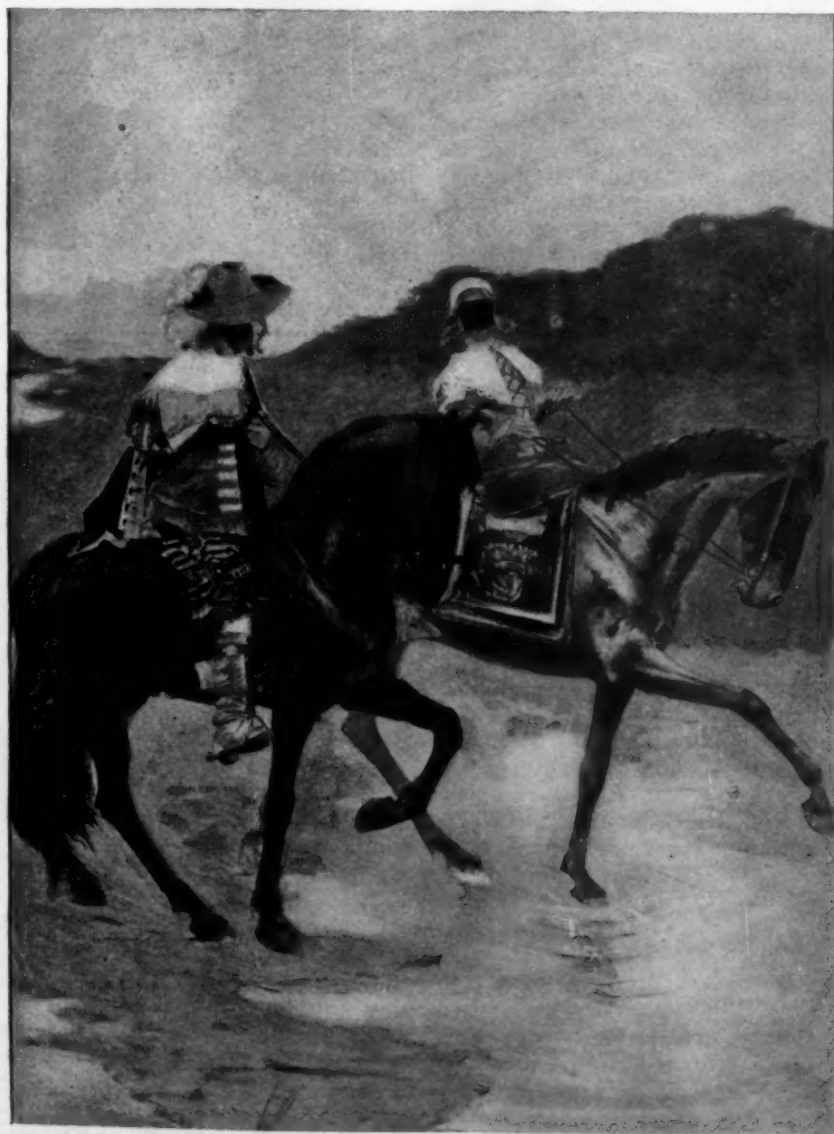
"That I cannot answer you, madam," said I, and bowed and would have passed, but she stood before me.

"I command you to tell me what I wish to know, Harry Wingfield," said she, and now her eyes fixed mine with no shrinking, but a blank broadside of scorn and imperiousness.

"And I refuse to tell you, madam," said I. Then indeed she caught my arm with a little nervous hand, like a cramp of wire. "You shall tell me, sir," she declared. "This much I know already. Yesterday the *Golden Horn* came in and was unladen of powder and shot instead of the goods that my sister pretended to order, and the cases be stored at Laurel Creek. This much do I know, but not what is afoot, nor for what Mary had conference with Sir Humphrey Hyde and Ralph last night, and you later on with Sir Humphrey. I demand of you that you tell me, Harry Wingfield."

"That I cannot do, madam," said I.

"Tis something about the young tobacco plants," quoth she. "The king would not pass the measure to cease the planting, and the assembly of this spring broke up with no decision. Major Beverly, who is clerk of the assembly, hath turned against the government since Bacon died, and all the burgesses be with him, and Governor Culpeper sails for England this day week, and with what is the lieutenant-governor to hold the reins? There is a plot hatching to cut down the young tobacco plants." I could but stare at her. "There is a plot to cut down the young



From "The Heart's Highway."

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"SHE HELD IN MERRY ROGER UNTIL I WAS FORCED TO COME UP."

tobacco plants as soon as the governor hath sailed," she said, "and my sister Mary hath sent to England for arms, knowing that the militia will arise and there will be fighting."

I still stared at her, not knowing in truth what to say. Then suddenly she caught at my hands with hers, and cried out with that energy that I saw all at once the fire of life beneath that fair show of maiden peace and calm of hers, "Harry, Harry Wingfield, if my grandmother, Madam Cavendish, knows this, my sister is undone; no pity will she have. Straight to the governor will she go, though she hobble on crutches to Jamestown! She would starve ere she would move against the will of the king and his representative, and so would I, but I will not have my little sister put to suffering and shame. God save her, Harry Wingfield, but she might be thrown into prison, and worse—I pray thee, save her, Harry."

"Madam, I will save your sister at whatever cost."

"And count it not?" said she.

"No more than I have done before, madam."

"But how?" said she.

"That I must study."

"But I charge you to keep it from Madam Cavendish."

"You need have no fear."

"May God forgive me, but I told Madam Cavendish that the *Golden Horn* had not arrived," said she, "but what have they done with the rest of the cargo, pray?"

I started. I had, I confess, not given that a thought, but it was but reasonable that there was more beside those powder casks, though the revenue from the crops had been so small.

But Catherine Cavendish needed but a moment for that problem. "'Twill return," said she, "Captain Tabor hath but sailed off a little distance that he may return and make port, as if for the first time since he left England, and so put them off the scent of the Sabbath unlading of those other wares." She looked down the burnished flow of the river as she spoke, and cried out that she could see a sail, but I, looking also, could not see anything save the shimmer of white and green spring boughs into which the river distance closed.

"'Tis the *Golden Horn*," said Catherine.

"I can see naught of white save the locust-blooms," said I.

"Locusts stand not against the wind in stiff sheets," said she. "'Tis the sail of the *Golden Horn*; but that matters not. Harry, Harry Wingfield, can you save my sister?"

"I know not whether I can, madam, but I will," said I.

Taking Pictures to the Salon.

From *Morrow's "Bohemian Paris of To-Day."*
(Lippincott.)

THE last day on which pictures are admitted to the Salon, there to await the merciless decision of the judges, is a memorable one. In sumptuous studios, in wretched garrets; amid affluence, amid scenes of squalor and hunger, artists of all kinds and degrees have been squeezing thousands of tubes and daubing thousands of canvases in preparation

for the great day. From every corner of Paris, from every quarter of France and Europe, the canvases come pouring into the Salon. Every conceivable idea, fad, and folly is represented in the collection, and most of them are poor; but in each and every one a fond hope centres, an ambition is staked.

Strange as it may seem, most of these pictures are worked upon until the very last day; indeed, many of them are snatched unfinished from their easels, to receive the finishing touches in the dust and confusion and deafening noises of the great hall where they are all dumped like so much merchandise. We saw one artist who, not having finished his picture, was putting on the final touches as it was borne ahead of him along the street on the back of a *commissionnaire*. And all this accounts for the endless smearing everywhere noticeable, and for the frantic endeavors of the artists to repair the damage at the last moment.

One great obstacle to poor artists is the rigid rule requiring that all tableaux shall be framed. These frames are costly. As a result, some artists paint pictures of the same size year after year, so that the same frame may be used for all, and others resort to such makeshifts as Bishop was compelled to employ. But these makeshifts must be artistically done, or the canvases are ignored by the judges. These efforts give rise to many startling effects.

It was not very long, after an easy pull over the Boulevard St.-Germain, before we crossed the Seine at the Pont de la Concorde, traversed the Place de la Concorde, and turned into the Champs-Élysées, where, not far away, loomed the Palais des Beaux-Arts, in which the Salon is annually held in March. The Avenue des Champs-Élysées, crowded as it usually is in the afternoons, was now jammed with cabs, omnibuses, hand-carts, and all sorts of moving vans, mingling with the fashionable carriages on their way to the Bois. The proletarian vehicles contained art—art by the ton. The upper decks of the omnibuses were crowded with artists carrying their pictures because they could not afford more than the three-sous fare. And such an assortment of artists!

There were some in affluent circumstances, who rolled along voluptuously in cabs on an expenditure of thirty-five francs, holding their precious tableaux and luxuriantly smoking cigarettes.

The *commissionnaires* had a great day of it. They are the ones usually seen asleep on the street corners, where, when awake, they varnish boots or bear loads by means of a contrivance on their backs. On this day every one of them in Paris was loaded down with many pictures.

Opposite the Palais de Glace was a perfect sea of vehicles, artists, porters, and policemen, all inextricably tangled up, all shouting or groaning, and wet pictures suffering. One artist nearly had a fit when he saw a full moon wiped off his beautiful landscape, and he would have killed the guilty porter had not the students interfered. Portraits of handsome ladies with smudged noses and smeared eyes were common. Expensive gold frames lost large sections of their corners. But still they were pouring in.



From "Monsieur Beaucaire."

LADY MARY CARLISLE.



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MONSIEUR BEUCAIRE.

Along the Road to Bath.

From Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire."
(McClure, Phillips & Co.)

THE fragrance of the fields came to them, and from the distance the faint, clear note of a hunting-horn.

"Turn to me."

The lovely head was bent very low. Her little gloved hand lay upon the narrow window ledge of the coach. He laid his own gently upon it. The two hands were shaking like twin leaves in the breeze. Hers was not drawn away. After a pause, neither knew how long, he felt the warm fingers turn and clasp themselves tremulously about his own. At last she looked up bravely and met his eyes. The horn was wound again—nearer.

"All the cold was gone from the snows—long ago," she said.

"My beautiful!" he whispered; it was all he could say. "My beautiful!" But she clutched his arm, startled.

"Ware the road!" A wild halloo sounded ahead. The horn wound loudly. "Ware the road!" There sprang up out of the night a flying thunder of hoof-beats. The gentlemen riding idly in front of the coach scattered to the hedge-sides; and, with drawn swords flashing in the moon, a party of horsemen charged down the highway, their cries blasting the night.

"Barber! Kill the barber!" they screamed. "Barber! Kill the barber!"

Beucaire had but time to draw his sword when they were upon him.

"A moi!" his voice rang out clearly as he rose in his stirrups. "A moi, François, Louis, Berquin! A moi, François!"

The cavaliers came straight at him. He parried the thrust of the first, but the shock of collision hurled his horse against the side of the coach.

"Sacred swine!" he cried bitterly. "To endanger a lady, to make this brawl in a lady's presence! Drive on!" he shouted.

"No!" cried Lady Mary.

The Frenchman's assailants were masked, but they were not highwaymen. "Barber! Barber!" they shouted hoarsely, and closed in on him in a circle.

"See how he use his steel!" laughed M. Beaucaire, as his point passed through a tawdry waistcoat. For a moment he cut through the ring and cleared a space about him, and Lady Mary saw his face shining in the moonlight.

Sunset in Valencia.

From Valdes' "The Joy of Captain Ribot."
(Brentano's.)

WE came at last to the walls of his grounds. We entered them by a wrought-iron gateway, and crossed a handsomely laid-out garden to approach the house. This was a modest structure, but sufficiently spacious, and furnished within in considerable luxury. The furniture, suitable for the summer season, was simple and elegant. But that which roused my enthusiasm was the extensive park that stretched beyond, whose walls reached to the seashore, upon which it opened by a wrought-iron gateway. Formerly this had been a productive field. But first Marti's father and then himself had transformed it into a vast garden. Shady, gravelled pathways were bordered by orange-trees, lemons, pomegranates, and many other sorts of fruit-trees. Here was a little grove of laurels, and in the middle of it was a stone table surrounded by chairs. There was a grotto tapestried with jasmine and honeysuckle; yonder was a thicket of cannas, or cypresses, and in the centre a statue of white marble. And like a base for decoration, there was the azure line of the sea, into whose waves seemed ready to fall the oranges that hung from the boughs. The sun, that was already sinking, enveloped the garden and the sea with a sudden blaze of illumination; its golden rays, scattered over the white paths of the enclosure, made the whitewashed house resplendent, penetrated the thickets of cypress

and laurel, lighting up the marble faces of the statues, and hung drooping from the branches of the trees like threads of the gold of waving tresses. At the right were visible over the walls the masts of little fishing boats with their simple rigging, and yonder extended the town of Cabanal in a rare and picturesque blending of fishermen's cots and aristocratic mansions wherein the grandees of the city came to spend the summer. More distant still was the port and the tall masts of steamboats.

Marti showed me all the grounds, although without much pleasure or pride. Business past and future, burdened him; he did not know how to throw it off. It was only when we came to a corner next the beach that he was enough distracted for a few moments to point out to me a summer-house in the Greek style that was admirably introduced into this smiling landscape. It was adorned within by carved furniture brought from Italy, statues and vases. It had a little lookout balcony towards the sea, and over the door was inscribed a name that caused me a slight tremor.

"The building of this summer-house was a thing of my wife's. That is why I had her name put over the door."

From thence we returned to the house by new and ever more beautiful and embowered pathways. Before reaching it, we came upon a little artificial hill, and, topping it, a bit of a castle. About it was a little pond of water, imitating a moat. We crossed it by means of a drawbridge, and ascended by a narrow footpath between hedges of box and orange, arriving at the top in the time that it takes to tell of it. The path, because of its artful windings, produced the effect of being measured by rods, instead of by inches. Over the door of the little castle was engraved another name that also made me tremble, although in a very different way. . . .

When we came away from his estate the sun was already setting behind the distant mountains. We made our way around the house, and crossed the grounds again and through the fields of maize, the gardens and orchards.

Summer Home of Rio Business Men.

*From Humphrey's "A Summer Journey to Brazil."
(Bonnell, Silver & Co.)*

THIS time you will climb the mountains back of Rio for the night. Had ever an emperor such a park as Dom Pedro made of these mountains of Tijuca! Thirty miles of park road, swept every week, lighted by gas, winding in and out, up and down the precipitous slopes of mountain green to the top! And such green! the green of palms and tree ferns, of trees with orchids and cipsos. Every few yards brings you to a distinctly new view, sometimes it includes the Atlantic, sometimes the Rio harbor, sometimes the distant city, more often a lovely valley, a waterfall, a height of rock all covered with ferns and mosses, and another stretch of your winding road with a railing of tall, graceful bamboos growing at some dangerous spot. You are shown the spots which Agassiz specially studied and stay in the old hotel where he stayed. Why do people go to Petropolis

with this beautiful spot so much nearer? Because, in the summer-time, between December and April, yellow fever has been known to get a little lodgment even here; rarely, it is true, but the foreigner who knows his new home never takes any risks. He will not stay in Rio during the fever-time after sundown. He will not go out in the early morning without his coffee. If he has the slightest intimation of fever he takes castor oil without a moment's delay. If he has taken the fever he goes at once to the hospital in Rio, not risking the change to the cool heights of Petropolis, lest he might not have strength to rally in the cold when the period of collapse comes. You say you would not live in a place where such a sword hung over your head, but they read New York and Chicago papers in July with records of hundreds of deaths from sunstroke while their temperature is hardly varying five degrees from seventy, and in February, when their fever is at its worst, they read the numbers of victims of pneumonia, grippe, diphtheria, and finds the ills of life not so unevenly distributed after all.

"I Must Have Those Dispatches."

*From Ditrachstein's "Song of the Sword."
(Dillingham.)*

HE straightened up. With head erect, his step firm, he walked to the vestry door; the old energy was again in his voice when he knocked at the door and called to the woman within: "Open the door! I know it is you, Contessa!"

He listened at the door for a sound from the woman within—no answer.

"Don't force me to extreme measures! Everything within me revolts against the attitude I am compelled to take toward a woman—but I must do my duty! Submit to the inevitable—Diantre! then have your way!"

A flash of fire, the detonation of a shot—the old lock fell off and the door flew open.

Francesca appeared on the threshold. "What do you wish?"

"The dispatches you carry!"

"I have no dispatches!"

"Swear to that upon the cross, and you are free to go wherever you choose."

Francesca took a step back at the suggestion, and turned; raised her hand to the cross on the vestry door, as if she had made up her mind to do it; but as she faced the church her strength failed her, she leaned against the frame and her arm came down again.

"I must have them." His voice was soft and pleading. "My honor as a soldier, my oath of allegiance to the flag, forbid me to go from here without them. Mademoiselle, do not make me do something for which I would hate myself—yield!"

The girl on the steps was insensible to his pleadings, in fact to everything, except the one thing for which she was willing to make every sacrifice: "The honor of the family—the spotlessness of her escutcheon." A most determined "no" was her answer to his appeal.

"In the name of the French Republic, you are my prisoner, Mademoiselle, and I must search you."

He walked up the steps.

She pulled out the little poniard, the same with which she had cut his hand, and held it against her own breast.

"Move another step and I will kill myself!"

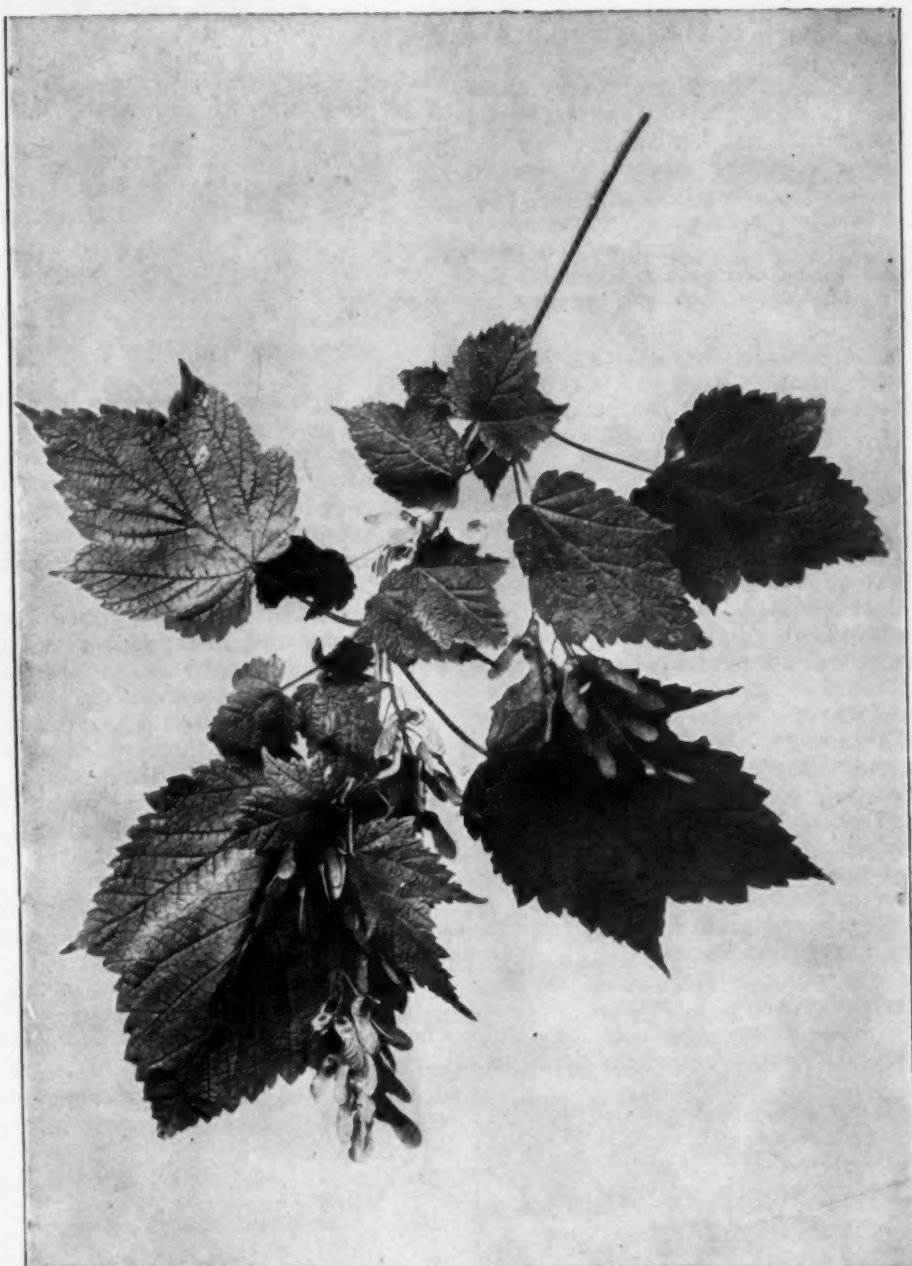
He halted, exasperated by her unfairness.

"Mademoiselle, you are fighting against

"They are my brothers——"

"You will be received with open arms in our ranks—glory and honor wait for you there!"

"I would gladly give my life for you, Mademoiselle, but not the lives of 15,000 of my countrymen."



From "Our Native Trees and How to Identify Them." Copyright, 1900, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

FRUITING SPRAY OF MOUNTAIN MAPLE.

windmills—your dispatches will not reach their destination while I live to prevent it, and to that end you shall remain here with me until they can do no harm."

He turned his back upon her, and sat down on the bench at the well, signifying that his mind was made up and discussion at an end.

Francesca was not easily discouraged; one weapon had lost its point, she tried another. Threats had been of no avail—she took refuge in tears.

"Ah, Monsieur, I beg of you—I implore you, let me pass. You are one of us. What are these Jacobins to you?"

Mountain Maple.

From Keeler's "Our Native Trees and How to Identify Them." (Scribner.)

THE mountain maple is a bushy tree sometimes thirty feet high, more often a shrub. It flourishes in the shade and forms much of the undergrowth of the forests. It ranges from the lower St. Lawrence River to northern Minnesota and the region of the Saskatchewan River; south through the northern states and along the Appalachian mountains to Georgia. Its roots are fibrous.

The mountain maple is another example

of a tree that has accepted its home in the shade of other trees. It grows on moist rocky hillsides and ranges across the continent westward to the Rocky Mountains, northward to the valley of the St. Lawrence River, and southward to Georgia. At the north it is a shrub, often seen growing by the side of a mountain road. It is our one maple that bears an upright raceme of flowers, but when the flowers have given place to fruit the raceme droops.

The fruits of all the maples are very similar. An acorn is no more the characteristic fruit of the oaks than the maple key is of the maples. This is a double samara, composed of two carpels, separable from a small persistent axis; these carpels are compressed laterally, and each is produced into a reticulated wing. These wings are thick on the lower margin, but very thin and papery on the upper. The keys do not fly as they would were they better balanced, but they launch the seeds some distance from the parent tree and so perform their part in the economy of nature.

A Celebrated Snuff-Box.

From Hayes's "A Kent Squire." (Lupton.)

"I VENTURED to bring back with me from Nismes," said de Noailles, "a little peace-offering for Madame de Bourgogne, intending to seek permission to present it this evening."

"But what has this to do with me, M. le duc?" asked the doctor.

"Patience, my dear doctor," replied de Noailles, struggling to get some parcel out of his coat-tail pocket, "the connection is confoundingly close, as you will perceive. *Voilà!*"

The speaker produced a parcel which, when divested of its silk wrapper, proved to be a very beautifully chased gold cassette or small box, which he handed to Berwick.

"This is a charming affair," observed the marshal. "A bonbonniere, I suppose?"

The duc de Noailles pressed a spring, and the lid flew open, revealing the inside filled with snuff.

"The very finest Spanish I could procure," he said. "I am not an expert myself, as I explained to Madame Dauphine; but I believe all you gentlemen are connoisseurs—try for yourselves."

The duc de St. Simon appeared quite shocked when de Noailles tendered the box to him.

"My dear fellow," he said, "take a pinch out of a box intended for Madame la Dauphine? Impossible! What are you thinking of?"

"I am thinking of M. Bondin's little story, my dear friend. Here is something from Spain, a country which sends warnings to M. le Dauphine, and I do not wish to be accused of anything, if anything goes wrong. I beg you all to observe that I take a pinch myself, and will abide by the consequences."

The duke elaborately helped himself to some of the snuff, and sneezed with tremendous energy.

"As a matter of self-devotion to the safety of madame, I am with you, duke," said St.

Simon, taking a pinch. "It is certainly of the very finest quality," he added after the effects of the stimulant had duly presented themselves.

The other gentlemen helped themselves in turn, and expressed their high appreciation of the contents of the cassette. At this moment Madame de Valincour was seen to leave the dauphine and make her way in the direction of the group.

"Who is this lady?" asked Berwick, who had only just arrived from camp, and had not seen anything of the Marly household for some time.

"*Pardieu!* my dear marechal," cried Chevreuse, "what monastery have you been living in, not to know the most beautiful woman at court?"

"She must have come since I was at the frontier," replied Berwick.

"Certainly—I forgot that. It is Madame de Valincour, from Marly—a friend of the de Noailles."

"My wife has known her from childhood," assented de Noailles.

The comtesse came up, and was received by the four gentlemen with salutations whose homage equalled anything that could have been accorded to the dauphine or the marquise of Maintenon. The duc de Noailles looked on rather amused.

"Comtesse," he said, taking her hand in quite a paternal fashion, "permit me to present to you M. de Berwick, who lays his many laurels at your feet."

The marshal bowed with the profoundest *empressement*, and the comtesse added a most gracious smile to her curtsy.

"I meet M. le Marechal with all the more pleasure," she said, "because I have, I believe, some Stuart blood in my own veins also."

Berwick bowed again at this intimation, which happened to be a pure invention on the part of the comtesse.

"Madame does me infinite honor to claim me as a kinsman," he rejoined.

"A house that has sent us Queen Marie, the Princess Henrietta, and Madame de Valincour, lays France under eternal obligations," remarked St. Simon, who did not wish to be out of the fashion.

The comtesse curtsied again and turned to de Noailles.

Pemberton and Major Andre as Lovers.

From Peterson's "Pemberton." (Coates.)

CAREFULLY seating themselves in the boat, Pemberton took the oars, and rowed gently up the pellucid stream. It was now about noon, and the sun shone down upon them with a soft but not unpleasant splendor. On each side the high, dark, wooded hills were draped with the magnificent hues of the autumn season—amphitheatres of green and crimson, and brown and gold. And reflected in the still, glassy water, was all this pomp of variegated glory.

"This is magnificent!" exclaimed André, enthusiastically. "The old world has nothing to show like this. It is the gorgeous splendor of an Indian princess."

"It is fairy land!" cried Helen, enthusiastically.

"See that cedar!" said Isabella, "with its deep green lighted up by a single spot of blazing crimson."

"And the woods are full of purple grapes," exclaimed Helen. "Are they good to eat, Pemberton?"

"Try them," said Pemberton, bringing the boat near one of the banks. "Daughter of Eve, pluck and eat."

"Pshaw—these small ones are sour and full of seed."

"Those are chicken grapes. The others are better, the fox grapes."

"Yes, they will do tolerably well—they are sweet."

"One moment, Pemberton," cried André, extending his hand to grasp a pretty blue flower that grew along the margin. "What do you call this, ladies?"

"It is the Fringed Gentian," said Isabella.

"I don't know what it signifies, Miss Helen—I may be doing something very serious or shocking, indeed—but will you accept this blue Gentian from one of the very humblest of your devoted admirers?"

"Captain Andre, I do wish you would leave all that style of speeches at the theatre down South Street," replied Helen, drawing back the hand she had involuntarily extended.

"I beg pardon, Miss Helen. Will you accept this flower in token of forgiveness, and as a pledge of my earnest friendship?"

"I am most happy to do so," replied Helen, mollified.

"What a delightful, tart, sweet, spirited and fascinating creature she is," thought André, as he leaned over the side of the boat, and dallied with the cool, clear water.

"Leap out, Andre, with the chain, and hold the boat," cried Pemberton, bringing the skiff up by the side of a rock, and at the entrance of a little cove. "This is Cresheim Creek."

Fastening the boat, they made their way along the sloping, rugged side of a shallow and rocky stream, that emptied at that place into the Wissahickon. Soon they came to where it poured over and between huge rocks and boulders into a little pool.

"Now for a climb, girls," said Pemberton. "André, you take care of Miss Helen."

"Miss me no miss, among these rocks, Arthur. It is out of place," cried Helen. "Here I am simply Helen Graham. These old rocks do not like such courtly titles. This huge one is my father."

"Let me help you up on your father's shoulders, then," laughed André, in response to the ardent girl. Without much help from the gentlemen, for both were supple-limbed and sure-footed, the ladies made their way to the top of a huge moss-covered rock, and gazed down the cleft where the stream was pouring.

"That is the Devil's pool," said Pemberton, pointing to the still water below. "The fall is rather quiet now, but after a rain it is quite a roaring cascade I assure you."

"Is the pool deep?" asked Helen.

"The devil is said to be very deep," replied André; "and of course his pool must be, or else it would not hold him."

"Oh, nonsense," said Helen—"how deep is it?"

THE ECHO IN THE HEART.

From Van Dyke's "The Toiling of Felix and Other Poems." (Scribner.)

It's little I can tell
About the birds in books;
And yet I know them well,
By their music and their looks:
When May comes down the lane,
Her airy lovers throng
To welcome her with song,
And follow in her train:
Each minstrel weaves his part
In that wild flowery strain,
And I know them all again
By their echo in my heart.

It's little that I care
About my darling's place
In books of beauty rare,
Or heraldries of race:
For when she steps in view,
It matters not to me
What her sweet type may be,
Of woman, old or new.
I can't explain the art;
But I know her for my own,
Because her lightest tone
Wakes an echo in my heart.

Music and Moonlight in the African Forest.

From Caddick's "A White Woman in Central Africa." (Cassell.)

THE boys of the village had several kinds of musical instruments entirely of native make. Indeed, all the natives seem fond of music. On the "sansis," or native hand piano, they play really sweet tunes. These pianos are made of an oblong piece of wood, and the one I have is about eight inches long and six wide. A narrow bar of iron is fastened across the top of the wood to hold in place the strips of iron, which are of different length and form the keys. Across the lower end of the wood is a piece of thin iron or tin to which are fastened pieces of shell, which make a jingling and buzzing sound when the keys are being played. The "sansis" is held in both hands, the fingers being underneath and the thumbs being used to press the tips of the iron notes, which vary in number from sixteen to thirty, or, as I have been told, even more. Many different kinds of instruments are made with gourds cut in two. The gourd acts as a sounding board, and to it is attached a piece of wood, to which are fastened from one to four strings. These are played either with the fingers or a bit of bamboo. They also have drums of every conceivable size and shape, and queer sorts of rattles. I was never short of music the whole way, but the "sansis" was decidedly the pleasantest to listen to. I often play on my own when I am alone, and like it quite as well as many pianos I hear; but then I am not musical.

When night fell and the moon rose, there was a fine noise in Mpata village, made by the drums and the singers. It was really a very lovely and picturesque scene; the brilliant moonlight, the huts dotted about and half-hidden in a grove of bananas, the natives squatting round their fires, chattering and smoking their large pipes, the mountains, looking more imposing in the moonlight, and the shining river flowing peacefully on; and my enjoyment of it all was added to considerably by the fun of being alone there.

Un-American Snobbishness.

From Rob. Grant's "Unleavened Bread." (Scribner.)

You are aching to be a social success. You are not fit to be. I have found that out for certain to-day."

"It is false," exclaimed Selma. "You do not understand. I have no wish to be a social success. I should abhor to spend my life after the manner of you and your associates. What I object to, what I complain of, is that, in spite of your fine words and pretended admiration of me, you have preferred these people, who are exclusive without a shadow of right, to me who was your friend, and that you have chosen to ignore me for the sake of them, and behaved as if you thought I was not their equal or your equal. That is not friendship—it is snobbishness—un-American snobbishness."

"It is very amusing. Amusing yet depressing," continued Flossy, without heed to this asseveration. "You have proved one of my ideals to be a delusion, which is sad." When we met first and I nearly rushed into your arms, I was fascinated, and I said to myself that here was the sort of American woman of whom I had dreamed—the sort of woman I had fondly imagined once that I might become. I saw you were unsophisticated and different from the conventional women to whom I was accustomed, and, even at first, the things you said every now and then gave me a creepy feeling, but you were inspiring to look at—and I continued to worship you as a goddess on a pedestal. I used to say to Gregory, 'there's a couple who are to the manner born; they never have to make believe. They are genuinely free and gentle souls.' Your husband? I can't believe that I have been deluded in regard to him, also. I just wonder if you appreciate him—if it is possible that he has been deluded, also. That's rank impertinence, I know; but after all, we are unbosoming our thoughts to each other to-day, and may as well speak openly."

Selma rose and stood confronting her visitor as though to banish her from the house.

"I'm going," said Flossy. "It's none of my concern of course, and I'm aware that I appear very rude. I'm anxious though not to lose faith in your husband, and now that I've begun to understand you, my wits are being flooded with light. I was saying that you were not fit to be a social success, and I'm going to tell you why. No one else is likely to, and I'm just mischievous and frank enough. You're one of those American women—I've always been curious to meet one in all her glory—who believe that they are born in the complete panoply of flawless womanhood; that they are by birthright consummate housewives, leaders of the world's thought and ethics, and peerless society queens. All this by instinct, by heritage, and without education. That's what you believe, isn't it? And now you are offended because you haven't been invited to become a leader of New York society. You don't understand, and I don't suppose you will ever understand, that a true lady—a genuine society queen—represents modesty and sweetness and self-control, and gentle thoughts and feelings; that she is evolved by gradual processes from generation to generation, not ready made. Oh, you

needn't look at me like that. I'm quite aware that if I were the genuine article I shouldn't be talking to you in this fashion. But there's hope for me because I'm conscious of my shortcomings and am trying to correct them; whereas you are satisfied, and fail to see the difference between yourself and the well-bred women whom you envy and sneer at. You're pretty and smart and superficial—er—common, and you don't know it. I'm rather dreadful, but I'm learning. I don't believe you will ever learn. There! Now I'm going."

"Go!" cried Selma with a wave of her arm. "Yes, I am one of those women. I am proud to be, and you have insulted by your aspersions, not only me, but the spirit of independent and aspiring American womanhood. You don't understand us; you have nothing in common with us. You think to keep us down by your barriers of caste borrowed from effete European courts, but we—I—the American people defy you. The time will come when we shall rise in our might and teach you your place. Go! Envy you? I would not become one of your frivolous and purposeless set if you were all on your bended knees before me."

"Oh, yes you would," exclaimed Flossy, glancing back over her shoulder. "And it's because you've not been given the chance that we have quarrelled now."

The Creators of This Country.

From Gertrude Atherton's "Senator North." (John Lane.)

SENATOR BURLEIGH called several times. One day he arrived with a large package of books: Bryce's "American Commonwealth," a volume containing the Constitution and Washington's Farewell Address, and several of the "American Statesmen" monographs. "Read all these," he said dictatorially. ("He certainly takes me very seriously," thought Betty. "Doubtless he'll stand me in a corner with my face to the wall if I don't get my lessons properly.") I want you to acquire the national sense. I don't believe a woman in this country knows the meaning of the phrase. Study and think over the characters of the men who created this country: Washington and Hamilton, particularly. You'll know what I mean when you've read these little volumes; and then I'll bring you some thirty volumes containing the letters and despatches and communications to Congress of these two greatest of all Americans. I don't know which I admire most. Hamilton was the most creative genius of his century, but the very fact that he was a genius of the highest order makes him hopeless as a standard. But all men in public life who desire to attain the highest and most unassailable position analyze the character of Washington and ponder over it deeply. There never was a man so free from taint, there never was such complete mental poise, there never was such cold, rarified, unerring judgment. The man seems to us—who live in a turbulent day when the effort to be and to remain high-minded make the brain ache—to have been nothing less than inspired. And his political wisdom is as sound for to-day as for when he uttered it; although, for

the life of me, I cannot help disregarding his admonition to keep hands out of foreign pie this time. I want the country to go to the rescue of Cuba, and I'll turn over every stone I can to that end.

Betty had listened to him with much interest. "Would Washington have gone?" she asked. "Would he advise it now, supposing he could?"

"No, I don't believe he would. Washington had a brain of ice, and his idea of American prosperity was frozen within it. He would fear some possible harm or loss to his country, and the other could be left to the care of an all-merciful Providence. I love my country with as sound a patriotism as a man may, and I revere the memory of Washington, but I have not a brain of ice, and I think a country, like a man, should think of others besides itself. And the United States has got to that point where almost nothing could hurt it. A few months' patriotic enthusiasm, for that matter, would do it no end of good. If you care to listen, I'll read the Farewell Address to you."

The "Leopard" and the Bishop.

From David D. Wells' *"His Lordship's Leopard."*
(Holt.)

"WE'RE talking about your estimable but impossible sister. My dear Joe, you'll never have any sport till you've got rid of her."

"But how shall I get rid of her?" he asked despondently. Even champagne was not proof against the depression induced by such an appalling thought.

"Oh, send her to a course of mud-baths or a water-cure!"

"I might try it—if—if you'd help me—if you'd take her place at the palace. I mean—"

"Josephus!" she called, in such an exact imitation of his sister's tone that it made him sit right up. "Josephus! don't say another word! I know what you mean—and you're an old dear—and I'm not going to let you make a fool of yourself. You're aged enough to be my father, and if your son had had his way you would have been my father-in-law. I want to have a good time, and I want you to have a good time; but that isn't the proper manner in which to set about it. No, you send the old lady packing, for the good of her health, and Mrs. Mackintosh and I'll help you and Cecil entertain, and we'll have a dance, and a marquee, and lots of punch. I dare say you've never been to a dance in your life," she rattled on, not giving him a chance to blunder out excuses.

"I'm not such an old fogey as you think me," he began. "But I want to say—er—Miss—Leopard—"

"Oh, no, you don't," she interrupted. "You want to forget what you've said, and so do I. We must talk about something else. What were you saying about a dance?"

"No, no, not a dance," he replied, resigning himself to his fate. "But once," lowering his voice, "not long ago either, when I was in town, I—I'm sure you won't believe it—I went to a theatre." This last triumphantly.

"Oh, you sad dog!" she cried. "You didn't!"

He nodded his head affirmatively.

"And what was the piece?"

"The Sign of the Cross."

"What, that gruesome show, where every one's slaughtered or chewed up by lions! You ought to have gone to the Empire."

"It wasn't far from Leicester Square," he said deprecatingly.

"Not near enough to be very wicked," she retorted. "But, say, I'll tell you something if you'll promise never, never to reveal it."

"The word of a bishop—" he began.

"Oh, nonsense! You're not a bishop at present, you're just Joe. Well, here it is: I'm an actress!"

"You—are—an—actress!"

"Fact! I'm quite harmless. If you keep six feet from me there's not the slightest danger of contamination."

Then, seeing his look of astonished bewilderment, she burst into a peal of ringing laughter, crying:

"Why, to look at you, one would think I'd told you that I was a Gorgon!"

"No, no," he said, stammering. "I—I'm delighted. I always really wanted to meet an actress—but—er—I hardly know what to say—"

"Don't say anything. Just be your dear unsophisticated self, or you'll be a bore. Cecil didn't dare tell you who I was, for fear you'd be shocked. Come on, let's go up on deck. It's close down here."

"We should be well out by this time, for we seem to have been going at great speed."

"Isn't it glorious!" she cried. "I wonder what they're doing at Blanford. I guess your telegram was an eye-opener."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Bishop, fishing a form out of his pocket. "I forgot to send it."

"What, do you mean to say they don't know what's become of us?"

"I never said a word."

"My hat!" she cried. "Won't you get a wigging to-night?"

Then, seeing his evident discomfiture, she added:

"Never mind, I'll take it with you; and if she turns nasty we'll put a flea in her ear about those mud-baths. Come, let's have our fun, anyway." And she put her hand on the cabin door.

"Why, it's stuck!" she exclaimed. "I can't open it."

The Bishop grasped the handle.

"It isn't stuck!" he cried, shaking it. "It's locked!"

Singing—and Coining Money.

From Christian Reid's *"Weighed in the Balance."*
(Marlier, Callanan & Co.)

HAVING disposed of Margherita, Irma turned and walked quickly along a wide, well-shaded street in the direction of Paris. It was a quiet street, less pretentious than some of the neighboring avenues, but lined nearly all the way between Passy and the great city with handsome, detached houses, set in more or less extensive grounds. The Arc de Triomphe was almost in sight when she paused at length before a tall house with a plain façade, entered an iron gate, which stood partly open, as if for the convenience of many persons passing in and out, walked around a winding path bordered by a high, well-trimmed hedge, mounted a flight of steps, and rang the doorbell. A white-capped maid answered the

summons, and smiled in recognition of the visitor.

"Mademoiselle Vincent? Oh, yes, she was at home! Would Mademoiselle Irma go up to her room?"

Mademoiselle Irma replied that she would; and, with the cordial approval of the maid, who thus saw herself spared a journey of three flights of stairs, passed up the staircase. She was thoroughly familiar with the house; so when she reached the final landing she walked down a narrow passage, knocked at a closed door, and, hardly waiting for permission, opened it and entered the room within.

A very small room, but dainty and pleasant to the eye, with its dark polished floor, its draperies of gay flowered cretonne, its narrow white bed, and, best of all, its open window overlooking the tall trees and green alleys of a ducal garden. A girl with large brown eyes and a mass of fluffy chestnut hair sprang up from the only easy-chair the room contained, when Irma entered.

"Ah, how glad I am to see you!" she cried, embracing her in a very impulsive fashion. "If you had failed to come within half an hour, I must have gone out; and then you would not have heard my news, at least not immediately."

"And what is your news?" Irma asked, kissing her on both cheeks. "It must be good, for your eyes are shining like stars."

"And well they may!" the girl laughed. "I have just received a note from the *maestro*. He wishes to see me particularly. X—and Z—are here" (she named two noted *impresarios*), "and he wants to arrange for them to hear me sing."

"Ah!" Irma flashed, through sympathy, into an animation almost equal to her own. "And that means?"

"That my time of waiting is nearly over. I am like a bird fluttering on the edge of its nest. I shall soon spread my wings, and then"—she opened her arms with a graceful gesture, as if they were wings—"then I shall fly away over the wide world, singing, singing, singing, and coining money!"

Irma shook her head with an air of rebuke.

"Don't, Camilla!" she said. "I cannot bear to hear you talk of coining money. It is not of that an artist should think."

"But it is of that they all do think," rejoined Camilla. "And of what else should I think? Is it likely that I would work as I have done, and as I shall still have to do, let even the best come, for the purpose of devoting myself to Art and giving pleasure to others? Bah! Of course I love my art, but I would never slave at it without the hope of its rewards."

"No one could possibly expect you to do so. But you should not talk as if money were the chief reward of which you thought."

"But how can I talk otherwise if it is the chief, *ma chere*? Fame is all very well, but what would it be worth without the money that accompanies it? Don't look so shocked! Everybody thinks just as I do, except your father and a few—very few—other idealists. As for my profession, it is well known that there are no more mercenary people in the world than musicians, especially singers."

"But that does not prove anything, Camilla."

"Look even at the *maestro*!" Camilla went on, with energy. "I am devoted to him, but

do you think I am blind to the reason of his fondness for me? How much would he care for me if I did not have what he calls 'a pearl of a voice'? And why does he value this pearl of a voice except for the money it is going to bring to me and to him? You are a dreamer, Irma *mia*: you have lived only in the studio, and read Dante, and heard the dear papa rhapsodize; but I—I have looked the world in the face, and I am not afraid of it. I will have it at my feet yet, and I will enjoy all that it can give. Oh, you will see!"

A "Snap-Shot" of the World's Progress.

From E. S. Brooks's "Story of the Nineteenth Century." (Lothrop.)

IN 1800 men rode in stage coaches, and in 1900 in automobiles; they carried flint and steel, where to-day they use the electric light; they groaned beneath the surgeon's uncertain knife, took months to cross the ocean, had scarcely one newspaper a week, and lived in their own isolated, limited, small, and selfish fashion, save where a few aristocrats kept "open house;" drunkenness was the fashion; duelling the only code of honor, and bigotry the rule. The laws of humanity were few, and kindness to the unfortunate, the unprotected, and to animals almost an uncertain quality; slavery or serfdom were the normal conditions of the majority of the world's people, and the crimes of to-day were scarcely even the vices of our grandsires: education was for the few, power was the prerogative of a handful of aristocrats, and the "submerged tenth" of 1900 was the submerged nine-tenths of 1800. Men took but few pleasures, and took them seriously; the days of the tallow dip were the days of secrecy, superstition, and ignorance. Sport was for the most part cruelty, and athletics were brutally undeveloped; weakness was the fag of strength, and what we know as the "amenities of life" were as rare as courtesy and as little understood as the "mysteries" of science.

Look out over the bright, brilliant, progressive, and properous world that greets the twentieth century, and exclaims in the words of the psalmist and the first telegram: "What hath God wrought!"

This is a grand progress to have been a part of; it is a grand achievement to have lived to see. Failures and drawbacks the Nineteenth Century had in plenty; but its success far exceeded its failures; absolute and steady progress was its record; its story, one of triumphant advance. In literature, science, and art; in invention, improvement, and possession; in liberty, humanity, civilization, and law the Nineteenth Century stands, "the heir to all the ages in the foremost files of time;" and in unity, neighborliness, in brotherhood, and all the gentler and more refining, no less than the strenuous and determined ways of men this wonderful century, in spite of bickerings and jealousies, in spite of greed and arrogance, in spite of hates and feuds, in spite of selfishness and suspicion, steps grandly in the advance as the flower and pride of all the centuries since Christ came to Bethlehem, and taught men that Golden Rule which, after nineteen hundred years of slow and sullen schooling, is to become the motive and creator of the great things which the new century holds for man.

THE SONG OF THE HARROW AND PLOW.

From Day's "Up in Maine." (Small, Maynard & Co.)

From the acres of Aroostook, broad and mellow in the sun,
Down to rocky York, the chorus of the farmers has begun.
They are riding in Aroostook on a patent sulky plow,
— They are riding, taking comfort, for they've learned the secret how.
They are planting their potatoes with a whirring new machine,
— Driver sits beneath an awning; slickest thing you've ever seen.
There is not a rock to vex 'em in the acres spreading wide,
So they sit upon a cushion, cock their legs, and smoke and ride.
Gee and Bright go lurching onward in the furrow's mellow stream,
Over there, with clank of whistle, tugs a sturdy Morgan team.
And the man who rides the planter or who plods the broken earth
Joins and swells the mighty chorus of the season's budding mirth.
And they've pitched the tune to a jublant strain.
They are liting it merrily now.
We waited for that melody up here in Maine,
— 'Tis the song of the harrow and plow.

They are picking rocks in Oxford, and in Waldo basting ledge,
And they're farming down in Lincoln on their acres set on edge.
Down among the kitchen gardens of the slopes of Cumberland
They're sticking in the garden sass as thick as it will stand.
And every nose is sniffing at the scent of furrow earth,
And every man is living all of life at what it's worth.
Though the farmer in Aroostook sails across a velvet field.
And his mellow, crumby acres vomit forth a spend-thrift yield,
All the rest are just as cheerful on their hillside farms as he,
For there's cosy wealth in gardens and a fortune in a tree.
So they're singing the song of the coming of Spring,
And the song of the empty mow;
Of the quiver of birth that is stirring the earth,
'Tis the song of the harrow and plow.

Never Be Monotonous.

From A. and E. Castle's "The Bath Comedy." (Stokes.)

MISTRESS KITTY BELLAIRS, the reigning toast of Bath, the prettiest woman, in the estimation of her admirers, in all England, and the wittiest, laughed low to herself, then rose from her chair, took her tall friend by the shoulders, and walked her up to the mirror.

"Look at yourself," said she, "and look at me." Lady Standish winced. Kitty BellaIRS—as complete in every detail of beauty as a carnation—smiled upon herself sweetly.

Lady Standish ceased weeping as suddenly as if her tears had been mechanically turned off. She regarded the widow earnestly.

"Now, child," said Mistress BellaIRS, with all the authority of her twenty-six years, "here we have been four weeks acquainted, and you have more than once done me the honor of saying that you considered me your friend."

"'Tis so," said Lady Standish.

"Then listen to me. There are three great rules to be observed in our dealings with men. The first rule comprises an extraordinary number of minor details, but briefly and comprehensively it runs thus: *Never be monotonous!* Second rule: *Never let a man be too sure of you!* Oh! that is a wonderful wise maxim: reflect upon it. Third: *Never, never*

let a man see how—well, how far from lovely you can look! Tush, tush, you are a better-looking woman than I am, but not when you have been blubbing, and not when you are fretful. Pray," said Mistress Kitty inquisitorially *ex cathedra*, "how many times a day do you tell that unfortunate man that you love him? And, worse still, how many times a day do you want him to say that he loves you? I vow 'tis enough to drive him to cards, or wine, or something infinitely worse that also begins with a w! And, pray, if you spend all you have, and empty your purse, do you think your purse becomes a very valuable possession? 'Tis a mere bit of leather. Nay, nay, keep your gold, and give it out piece by piece, and do not give it at all unless you get good change for it. Oh," cried Kitty, a fine flush of indignation rising scarlet behind her rouge, "I marvel that women should be such fools!—to act the handmaid where they should ever rule as mistress; to cast forth unsought what they should dole out only to the suppliant on bended knee. Hath a man ever had from *me* an unsolicited avowal? Have I ever thrown the most ardent lover more than a 'perhaps' and 'it may be,' a smile, a dimple, a finger-tip? (What they have stolen I have not given, that is obvious! And besides, 'tis neither here nor there.) And pray, Lady Standish, since when have you left off putting on rouge and having your hair tied and powdered, and wearing a decent gown of mornings and a modish sacque, and a heel to that pretty foot, a jewel in the ear, and a patch beneath the lip?"

Lady Standish had ceased contemplating the ceiling; she was looking at her friend.

"But, madam," she said, "this is strange advice. Would you have me coquette with my husband, as if—God forgive me for saying such a thing—as if I were not wife, but mistress?"

"La, you there," said Mistress BellaIRS, and clapped her hands, "there is the whole murder out! You are the man's lawful, honest wife, and therefore all tedium and homeliness, all fretful brow and tearful eye."

There fell a silence. Lady Standish rose indignant, grew red, grew pale, caught a glimpse of herself again in the mirror, shrank from the sight, and crept back to the sofa with a humble and convicted air. Then she cast a look of anguished pleading at Mistress BellaIRS' bright unfeeling countenance.

"Tell me," she said with a parched lip, "what shall I do?"

The Wrong Handbag.

From Marchmont's "Dorothy Mariow." (Rand, McNally & Co.)

SOMETHING of what the adventure might mean to her she began to understand a little later, when she roused herself from her reverie she had begun to examine the handbag which she had brought away in mistake.

Her first thought was to look for some clew to the identity of the owner in order to write to her; but the bag contained nothing in the nature of such a clew. Besides a very few of the trifles which women carry on a journey—a piece of tatting work, some hairpins, a buttonhook, etc.—she found in it a

handkerchief, new and unmarked; a pair of gloves, also new; a beautiful and costly ivory case of needlework requisites—quite out of character with the bag itself and everything in it; an envelope with a curl of golden hair—a child's; a child's photograph, much thumbed and broken at the corners and stained as if with blistering tears. The girl gazed at this with the wistful, half-sad intensity of a woman in whom the instincts of maternity were strong. Then thinking she could trace in the child's face the look which she had seen in the woman's eyes, she smiled to it, as if the little thing could understand, and kissed the face.

The last thing she scrutinized was the most incongruous of all—an old, large, shabby leather cigar case, one side of which was much bulged out by the contents.

It was as ill-fitted a companion for the lovely, dainty needlework case as the respective owners had seemed to be to each other.

She opened it, and what she had seen of the man determined her to examine it closely. On one side there were two cigars—very good and costly, as the girl was sufficient judge to know. She scanned them closely, and then peered down into the empty side from which she had taken them. But her curiosity was much more eager concerning a very thick cake of tobacco, which was in the opposite side of the case and had caused the bulge that had attracted her notice.

She drew it out carefully, and then examined it with most scrupulous minuteness. Her sharp eyes soon detected a crack in the tobacco, and a very little maneuvering and working enabled her to see that it was a cunningly contrived hiding place.

As she opened it she gave vent to a low exclamation.

Artfully hidden in it was a piece of tarnished gold, in which were set three huge red stones. The girl, who knew something of jewels, believed them to be rubies of the purest water, and knew that if genuine they were worth thousands of pounds.

As she looked at them she almost held her breath in mingled astonishment, admiration and bewilderment.

Old Time Poker in the South.

From "Jack Pots." (Jamieson-Higgins Co.)

ONE December night not so many years ago a party of seniors in the Southern University were having a social game of poker. This old college had turned out at about the same time Howell Cobb, Alexander Stephens, Robert Toombs and other famous characters of the olden days, and was redolent of reminiscences.

Uncle Tub was the night watchman of the campus. He saw a light in the room, when all the rest of the building was dark, and as in duty bound he crawled up three flights of stairs and walked into the room without ceremony, causing the utmost consternation.

"Hi! I cotch yer!" he exclaimed. "I'se gwine ter lay it all out ter de doctor 'bout dis yere fust class sittin' up here after hours an' gamblin', jess like der Jews."

The crowd immediately surrounded the old

man and protested that they were simply boning up for an "exam," but Uncle Tub would have none of it.

"Go 'way, boss," he said sternly. "Ain't I done heard de rattle of de chips? Ain't I done seed yer wipe in dat dar jack pot?"

"What?"

"Dat jack pot," Uncle Tub repeated with emphasis. "Ain't I done seed yer wipe it in? Don't tell me."

Uncle Tub's knowledge of the game came as a revelation.

"Uncle Tub," said the tall senior at the end of the table, "I am astonished at you. You are a deacon in the church, and a man of unquestioned probity, and I cannot believe that you are acquainted with the sinful game of poker as your words would indicate."

"Dat's all right, boss," returned the old man. "I wasn't always a deacon."

"Do you mean to say that you have played poker?"

"No; I ain't adzactly played de game."

"Then what do you know about it?"

The old darkey had seated himself upon a trunk with his lantern dangling between his knees, and he assumed an air of dignity terrible to witness.

"Lemme tell yer," said he. "I was in a jack pot of niggers one time."

"What's that?" The students had left their places by this time, and encircled the old darkey, who swelled with pride at the attention he was attracting.

"I say I was in a jack pot of niggers one time," repeated Uncle Tub, "an' Marse Henry won me," repeated the old watchman, slowly and thoughtfully. Then he put his lantern on the floor and told his story.

"Dat war long time afore de wah," he said slowly. "Most of de young bucks what come to college in dem days had der nigger man wid 'em. I belong to young Marse George B—. He was a Satan, dat boy, but his daddy was er angel."

"Dere was fough of 'em—all young bucks, jes like you all. Dere was fough of us niggers, too; all about de same age, an' we all sets dere an' sees de game. I tell you chillun, dat was a game. It kep' gittin' hotter an' hotter. My young marse lose all his cash an' then he gin to lose what wasn't cash. He gits madder an' madder. Marse Henry C— won all de stakes, an' jes nacherly keeps on winnin' lak he born to win."

"Atter while my young marse say:

"'Damme, dar goes all I'se got in de worl' but Tobe.' Dat's what dey call me in dem days—Tobe. 'Fore I knowed it I done heard him say:

"'Les make a jack pot ouden de niggers.'

"Dey was all in for it. Dey ax de udder niggers an' yer humble servant to stand in de middle of de flo', an' Marse George he dole de kyards. He ketched a good pair, kase he axed me to step up to de table."

"'I opens dis pot,' he says, 'wid Tobe.'

"'I stays in it wid Jack,' says Marse Henry C—, axin' Jack, his nigger, ter step 'long side of me."

"De rest of the gemmuns dey puts dere niggers in too, an' dar we was, waitin' for de call of de cards."

"Well, I kaint tell how it happens, but Marse Henry C— won de whole lot of us, hair an' hide.

"Den he says, 'Good-night, gemmuns,' an' he walks down stairs, us a-follerin' lak sheep.

"I mout er belonged to dat man to dis day, but nex' mawnin' Marse George's pa he comes to de college an' buys me back. Den he tells Marse George he can't hab no nigger to wait on him."

The Rubáiyát.

From Tompkins's "The Things That Count."
(Putnam.)

"I WILL read you what I was just reading when you came in, the 'Rubáiyát.' I heard it set to music—the Persian Garden, you know—and I was ashamed that I was so unfamiliar with it. I never read a line of it before to-night. I have heard it quoted a great deal, of course; there is a certain kind of man who always quotes it to you in romantic situations. Indeed I heard a girl describe a man as 'the only man who had never quoted the 'Rubáiyát' to her.'"

"I haven't quoted it for twenty years," said the Doctor, throwing himself on the leather-covered sofa near which her chair was standing, and putting his arms under his head. "Now, fire ahead," he said.

Evelyn read slowly, bringing out the meaning of each phrase.

"Ah, that is fine! I had forgotten that it was so good," he said, after a little.

"There was the Door to which I found no key,
There was the Veil through which I might not see,"

he quoted. "And there are fools who think they know it all! Read me that again," he said presently, when she had gone on farther. Evelyn repeated:

"I sent my soul through the Invisible
Some secret of that After life to spell:
And by and by my Soul returned to me,
And answer'd, 'I Myself am Heav'n and Hell':"

"Heav'n but the Vision of fulfilled Desire,
And Hell the Shadow of a Soul on fire
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerg'd from, shall so soon expire."

She slipped her hand into his as it projected beside his head, and he held it fast.

"The Vision of fulfill'd Desire.' I wonder if my fulfilled desire would not have been a hell to me," he said, as she paused after the last line. "I am in a strange mood to-night," he went on, as she did not answer. "Something that happened to-day brought up something that happened years ago very vividly before me. Here, finish the thing and then you must go to bed. I'm a nice doctor, keeping you from sleep to amuse me."

The Match-Maker of the Bohemian Village.

From Kopta's "Forestman of Vimpek." (Lothrop.)

As we were talking, the match-maker himself came out with the lad who had gone for the chair. He stood a moment, contemplating us all with perhaps an eye to business; then he seated himself not far away, and waited, so it seemed to me, like a spider, watching for the silly fly to enter his web.

He had not long to wait. A buxom young girl from another village, with a basket on her back, came up the highway. Perhaps she had made an appointment with the match-maker at this place as a good one to hold a consultation in. Indeed, neither one seemed astonished at seeing the other, and the girl, putting down her basket, seated herself by the dohazovatsch. At first, they spoke in low tones; then, growing animated, they talked so that we could hear what they said.

"It's such a dirty trade," objected the girl; "a chimney-sweep!"

"No worse, my daughter, than a smith, a blacksmith for that matter," answered the match-maker. "And he is a wealthy lad."

"I saw him once at the dance on St. Catherine's day," the girl said, "he has black eyes."

"Every one cannot be as blond and good-looking as you are, my child," said the dohazovatch, with an insinuating smile. "And then he has a chalupa (a cottage); and he has a cow and a pig. A well-to-do-youth, I call him."

"I would have preferred a blond lad," said the girl, meditatively.

"Well, I have several on hand," the match-maker said, in a businesslike tone. "How would Tomás Swoboda do? or what do you say to Vincenc Ceeka? They are both blonds; and from the village behind the forest."

"What have they got?"

"They are neither of them as well-to-do as Kaspar, to be sure," was the reply. "Tomás is a shoemaker, and Vincenc a tailor, and they each have about a hundred florins, more or less."

"And you are sure Kaspar will get the chalupa?"

"Quite sure; I spoke with his parents yesterday."

"I would have preferred a blond lad. But then—well, I will go and have a look at the chalupa before I decide. Kaspar will also have a cow and a pig, you say? How about geese?"

"His mother told me that the girl must bring the geese," the match-maker replied. "But I will try and get them to throw in some chickens."

"A cock and six hens, at the very least," said the girl. "They ought to remember that it is a dirty trade—a chimney-sweep."

The Lady Who Was Very Exclusive.

From Grant Allen's "Hilda Wade." (Putnam.)

WE toured all round India with the Meadow-crofts; and really the lady who was "so very exclusive" turned out not a bad little thing, when once one had succeeded in breaking through the ring-fence with which she surrounded herself. She had an endless, quenchless restlessness, it is true; her eyes wandered aimlessly; she never was happy for two minutes together, unless she was surrounded by friends, and was seeing something. What she saw did not interest her much; certainly her tastes were on a level with those of a very young child. An odd-looking house, a queerly dressed man, a tree cut into shape to look like a peacock delighted her far more than the most glorious view of the quaintest old temple. Still she must be seeing. She could

no more sit still than a fidgety child or a monkey at the Zoo. To be up and doing was her nature—doing nothing, to be sure; but still, doing it strenuously.

So we went the regulation round of Delhi and Agra, the Taj Mahal, and the Ghats at Benares, at railroad speed, fulfilling the whole duty of the modern globe-trotter. Lady Meadowcroft looked at everything for ten minutes at a stretch; then she wanted to be off, to visit the next thing set down for her in her guide-book. As we left each town she murmured mechanically: "Well, we've seen *that*, thank Heaven!" and straightway went on, with equal eagerness and equal boredom, to see that one after it.

The only thing that did *not* bore her, indeed, was Hilda's bright talk.

"Oh, Miss Wade," she would say, clasping her hands, and looking up into Hilda's eyes with her own empty blue eyes, "you are so funny! So original, don't you know! You never talk or think of anything like other people. I can't imagine how such ideas come up in your mind. If I were to try all day, I'm sure I should never hit upon them!" Which was so perfectly true as to be a trifle obvious.

Sir Ivor, not being interested in temples, but in steel rails, had gone on at once to his concession, or contract, or whatever else it was, on the north-east frontier, leaving his wife to follow and rejoin him in the Hima-

layas as soon as she had exhausted the sights of India. So, after a few dusty weeks of wear and tear on the Indian railways, we met him once more in the recesses of Nepaul, where he was busy constructing a light local line for the reigning Maharajah.

If Lady Meadowcroft had been bored at Allahabad and Ajmere, she was immensely more bored in a rough bungalow among the trackless depths of the Himalayan valleys. To anybody with eyes in his head, indeed, Toloo, where Sir Ivor had pitched his headquarters, was lovely enough to keep one interested for a twelvemonth. Snow-clad needles of rock hemmed it in on either side; great deodars rose like huge tapers on the hillsides; the plants and flowers were a joy to look at. But Lady Meadowcroft did not care for flowers which one could not wear in one's hair; and what was the good of dressing here, with no one but Ivor and Dr. Cumberledge to see one? She yawned till she was tired; then she began to grow peevish.

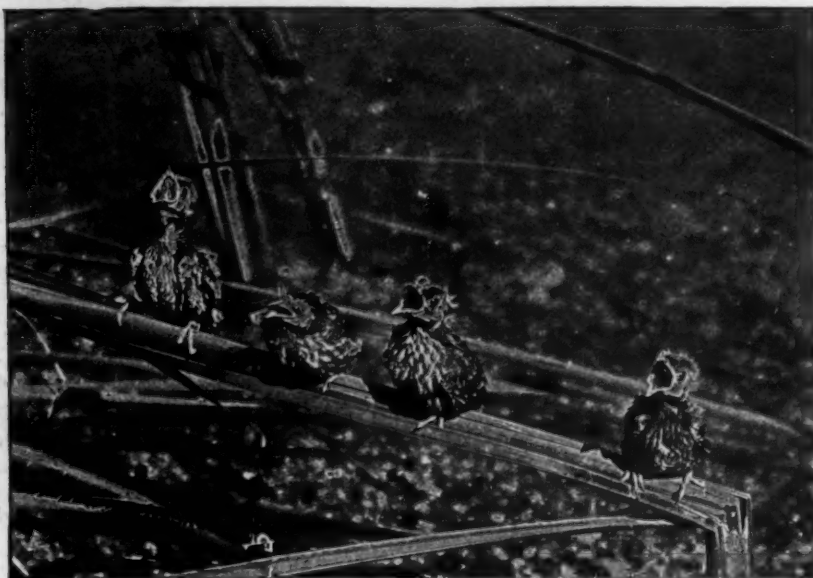
"Why Ivor should want to build a railway at all in this silly, stupid place," she said, as we sat in the veranda in the cool of the evening, "I'm sure I can't imagine. We *must* go somewhere. This is maddening, maddening! Miss Wade—Dr. Cumberledge—I count upon you to discover something for me to do. If I vegetate like this, seeing nothing all day long but those eternal hills"—she clenched her little fist—"I shall go mad with ennui."



From "Hilda Wade."

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Parkman's Works, Champlain ed.

Callahan's Old Book Store, 22 E. 2d South St.,

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Cheiro's Guide to the Hand, large ed., 5 copies.

Confession of the Murder of Wm. Morgan, by Dr. John

L. Emery. N. Y., 1849, or anything pertaining to the

Niagara Frontier.

Anything on Mormonism.

Chas. Dickens, Sheldon or Gregory Household ed.,

complete or odd vols.

Scott's Waverly Novels, Ticknor & Field's Illus. House-

hold ed., complete or odd vols. Boston, 1858.

Scott's Tales of a Grandfather, Ticknor & Field's House-

hold ed., complete or odd vols. Boston, 1861.

Carnegie Library, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Farmer, John, Genealogical Register of the First Set-

tlers of New England. Lancaster, 1829.

C. N. Caspar Co., 437 E. Water St., Milwaukee,

Wis.

Corporal Si Klegg and His Pard.

Garland, John Randolph.

Sawyer, John Randolph.

Benton, 30 years in U. S. Senate, 2 v., or v. 2 sep.

" Debates of Congress, v. 15 and 16.

Jefferson, Works, 9 v. N. Y., 1853-4.

Webster, " 6 v. Boston.

Franklin, " 10 v. N. Y. or Chicago.

Horsing the Niagara River.

Dumas' Works, v. 1, Collier ed.

Key to Wentworth's Higher Algebra.

Shepherd, My Life in the Convent.

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A. H. Clapp, 32 Malden Lane, Albany, N. Y.

Ry Proxy, Paine.

Home and Garden, Longmans, Green & Co.

Scott's Coin Catalogue.

The Robert Clarke Company, 31 E. 4th St.,

Cincinnati, O.

Shakespeare as a Lawyer.

Yoakum's Texas, 2 v.

Hall, James, Wilderness and Warpath.

" Tales of the Border.

Mackenzie, Alex., Voyages from Montreal. London,

1801.

Franchere, G., Narrative of Voyage to Northwest Coast.

New York, 1844.

Johnson and Winter, Route Across Rocky Mountains.

Lafayette, 1842.

Rubio, Rambles in U. S. and Canada in 1845.

W. A. Clarke, Jr., P. O. Box 898, Butte, Mont.

The Philistine, v. 1 to 7. Pub. by the Roycrofters.

Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Brande's Dict. of Science, etc.

McCulloch, Dict. of Commerce, latest ed.

Twining, T., Travels in America 100 Years ago, early

ed.

Fox, Lieut.-Col. W. J., New York at Gettysburg.

Albany, J. B. Lyon.

Vincent, The Social Mind.

Zahn, Evolution and Dogma.

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Shakespeare, Vale ed.

Elworthy, The Evil Eye.

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Ridpath's U. S., 9 v., last ed.
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Stephens' War Between States, v. 2, sheep.

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Dodd, Mead & Co., 372 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Stone's Red Jacket, Munsell's large-pap. ed.
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Lewis and Clark's Travels, ed. by Coues. 1893.
Beverley's Virginia. 1705.
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Lossing's History of the United States.
The Book of Job, by Rawlinson. Pub. by Randolph.
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Miss Brown, by Vernon Lee.
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E. P. Dutton & Co., 31 W. 23d St., N. Y.
The Shadow of the Angel, by E. W. Shurtleff.

Eaton & Mains, 269 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Sach's Physiology of Plants.

Harry Falkenau, 167 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.
The Destiny of Russia, by Pheta. Chicago, 1878.

C. P. Farrell, 117 E. 21st St., N. Y.
Voltaire's 5 canto poem: The Civil War of Geneva, in English. This was done into English about 1768.
State condition, price, and full particulars.

H. W. Fisher & Co., 1535 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.
Sonnets from Portuguese, Roycroft ed.
Gentle Art of Making Enemies, Whistler.

Fitzgerald & Co., 196 High St., Holyoke, Mass.
Lasker's Book on Checkers.
Ladies' Home Journal, Jan., Feb., March, 1900.

W. Y. Foote, Warren St., Syracuse, N. Y.
Last 2 v. of the Old Testament. Butler's Bible Works.

Gregory's Book Store, Providence, R. I. [Cash.]
Mary the Handmaid of the Lord. Dodd.
Lippincott's Mag., v. 36, '85.
Carpenter, Six Months in the White House.

William Beverley Harrison, 3 and 5 West 18th St., N. Y. [Cash.]
Cardinal Newman's Historical Sketches, all vols.

Harvard Co-operative Society, Cambridge, Mass.
Crosby's Plain Talks in Parable.

The Helman-Taylor Company, 23-27 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.
Wild Animals I Have Known, 1st ed.

H. Herpolsheimer Co., N and 12th Sts. Lincoln, Neb.
Æschylus, Morsehead trans.
Sophocles, Electra, and Antigone, Morsehead trans.
Calderon, McCarthy trans.

W. M. Hill, 31 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.
Pray You, Sir, Who's Daughter?
Harper's Latin Dictionary.

D. R. Hirschler, San Diego, Cal.
Life of Ven. Padre Junipero Serra. San Francisco.

Holmes Book Co., 1149 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.
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Herbert Spencer, Principles of Ethics, 2 v., hf. green mor. Appleton.

The Howland Dry Goods Co., Bridgeport, Conn.
Keats' Poems, 3 v. Lippincott.
Hon. Peter Stirling. Ford, 1897.

H. R. Johnson, Springfield, Mass.
Connecticut in the Revolution.
History Charleston, nos.
Bliss Genealogy.
Draper Family in America.
Harrison Weir's Book of Cats.

The E. P. Judd Co., Box 405, New Haven, Conn.
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Newton Olney's Hymns
Boole's Treatise on Diff. Equations, ed. 1877 or '72.
Pub. by Macmillan.

W. B. Ketcham, 7 and 9 W. 18th St., N. Y.
Ki Lane; or, the Young Continental Officer.
The Christian Union, v. 41 and 42, either bound or in separate nos.
Public Opinion, v. 24, May 19
Dictionary of Thought, by Tyron Edwards.
Christ in Art, by Edward Eggleston.

J. Kirkpatrick, 1016 Woodland Ave., Cleveland, O. [Cash.]

Woods' Natural History, 3-v. set. Pub. by Geo. Routledge & Sons.
Any books on flowers.

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Choate's Works, 2 v., octavo.
Madison's " 4 v., "
Clay's " 6 v., "
Hamilton's " 7 v., "

Leary's Book Store, Philadelphia, Pa.
Cause and Cure of Crime, by Stolz.

Leggat Brothers, 81 Chambers St., N. Y.
5 copies Wild Animals I Have Known, 1st ed.
Set Banking in All Nations, 4 v.

Paul Lemperly, 111 Water St., Cleveland, O.
Books by Charles Warren Stoddard. Give dates.

Little, Brown & Co., 254 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Audubon and Bachman's Quadrupeds of North America, first of the imp. 8° ed.

Louisville Book Co., 356 Fourth Ave., Louisville, Ky.

Gladstone's Academic Sketches.
Huxley's Evolution and Ethics.
Both in pamphlet form.

Truth, Jan., 1899.

C. D. Lyon, 22 Monroe St., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Collignon, Manual of Mythology.
Karoly, Paintings of Florence.
Stanley, Dutch and Flemish Painters.
Matthews, History and Mechanism of the Organ.
Grant's Memoirs, v. 2 only, calf.

Lyon, Kymer & Palmer Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Poe's Works, v. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 9, 10, Stone ed.
Grosvenor, Constantinople, 2 v.
Hamerton, Marmorne.

Mechanics' Institute Library, 31 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.

Cassier's Magazine, v. 1 to 10.
Institute Naval Architects, v. 16 (1875), 17 ('76), 32 ('91).

C. A. Montgomery, P. O. Box 2444, N. Y. [Cash.]
Hawthorne, Nathaniel, Mosses from an Old Manse, pt. 1. London, 1846.

Follen, Mrs., Tales of Married Life. (?)
Samuel Johnson: the Sunday-School Society's Gift. Boston, 1842.

H. H. Morse, 20 Monroe St., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Ency. Britannica, v. 6, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 22, 23, 24, hf. red russia.
Alexander, Found Wanting.

John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.
Shield's History of Mississippi.
Foote's History of the Bench and Bar of the South.
History of the Colony and Ancient Domains of Virginia, by Charles Campbell. Pub. by Lippincott, 1860.
Index to Henning's Statute at Large, Va., by Dixon.
Index to Meade's Old Ministers, Church, and Families of Va.

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A. J. Ochs & Co., 367 Washington St., Boston, Mass. [Cash.]
The China Hunter's Club.
Greek Poets, Edwin Arnold.

E. T. Pardee, 80 W. Rutland Square, Boston, Mass.
Cosmopolitan, March, May, June, Aug., 1896; Oct., Nov., '88.
Munsey, Oct., Dec., 1892; Jan., Feb., May, June, July, Aug., '93.
Electrical World, v. 33, nos. 9 and 10.

E. R. Pelton, 19 E. 16th St., N. Y.
Eclectic, July, 1891; Dec., '92; May, Aug., '93; Jan., '95.

Pierce & Zahn, 633 17th St., Denver, Colo. [Cash.]
Thoughts on Am. Lecture of Farrar.
Sketches, Historical and Descriptive, of La., by Maj. Amos Stoddard.
Scatological Rites, by Bourke, Gov't Report.

C. O. Purcell, 418 9th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Rhodes' History U. S., v. 1, 2, 3, 4. Harpers.
Keely's Drunkenness and Heredity. Chicago.
Kinship and Marriage in Early Arabia, W. Robertson Smith.

A. M. Robertson, 126 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.
Muther, Modern Painting, 3 v.
Alcott, Little Women, 8°, gilt, original illustrated ed.
Americans of Royal Descent.

Robson & Adey, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Annual Summary nos. of *Publishers' Weekly* containing list of books published in 1891 and '96.

Charles M. Roe, 177 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. [Cash.]
Manual of Needlework, Rosevear. Macmillan.
Home and Its Surroundings, Eggleston. Harper.
Hymns and Rhymes for Home and School, compiled by C. S. Guild. Issued about 30 or 40 years ago.
Chittenden's Personal Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln (1840-90). Pub. by Richmond.
Liberty and a Living, by G. P. Hubert. Pub. by Putnam. \$1.00.
Leading Events in Wisconsin History, by Legler.

St. Paul Book and Stationery Co., 5th and St. Peter Sts., St. Paul, Minn.
Time and Chance, Hubbard.

Miss E. G. Shaw, Wayland, Mass.
American Journal of Conchology.
Journal of a Young Man. Frankfort.
Agassiz, Classification.
Jones, History of Ojibways.
Mass. Adj.-Gen. Rep., 1861.

Richard B. Shepard, Commercial Block, Salt Lake City, Utah. [Cash.]
Sonnets from the Portuguese, Roycroft ed.
Lamb's Essays of Elia, Roycroft ed.
Tennyson's In Memoriam, Roycroft ed.
Ruskin-Turner, Roycroft ed.

John Skinner, 44 N. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.
Niles' Register, any vols.
Colonial Documents N. Y., any vols.
Burke's Works, v. 1. Harper, 1833-7.
Garland's Randolph, v. 1.
Parton's Jackson, v. 3. N. Y., 1860.
Stephens, War Between the States, v. 1.
Pitkin's U. S., v. 1.
Randall's Jefferson, v. 1 and 2. N. Y., 1858.
More Light, a masonic book. Pub. by Dick & Fitzgerald.

The Smith Book Co., 143 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.
Stow's London Under Elizabeth.

A. H. Smythe, 43 S. High St., Columbus, O.
Sir George Tressady, second-hand.

The South Side Book Store, 316 Grove St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Electrical Engineering. Pub. by Sub. Corr. School, Scranton.

Spon & Chamberlain 12 Cortlandt St., N. Y.
Owen Jones, 1001 Initials.

E. A. Steevens, 1165 Witherspoon Bldg., Phila., Pa.
Memoirs of Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland. Steinman, Oxford, Eng., 1871.

W. F. Tenney, 26 Brattle St., Boston, Mass.
Gibbons' Rome, v. 1, black cl.
Grant's Memoirs, v. 2, cl.
Grote's Greece, v. 1, 9, 10, 11, black cl.
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O. Ulbrich, 386 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Any work on millinery, giving date of publication.

Union Club, 1 W. 21st St., N. Y.
Supplement to *Encycl. Britannica*, hf. calf.

John Wanamaker, Philadelphia, Pa.
Caliban, the Missing Link, by Daniel Wilson.

H. Welter, 59 Rue Bernard Palissy, Paris.
Mansi Collectio Conciliorum, v. 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 20, 22, 23, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, or set.
Library Journal, v. 11-14 and 16-22.

Western Book and Stationery Co., 300-304 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Abbot's Kings and Queens, Harper ed.

Thomas Whittaker, 2 Bible House, N. Y.
Studies of Jesus, by R. Heber Newton.

Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.
Edersheim's Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah, 2 copies of v. 1 only, hf. mor. brown, E. R. Herrick ed.
Heart of Old Hickory, by Dromgoole, pap. or cl. binding.

H. T. Wright, 720 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.
Lowndes' Bibliographers' Manual.
Chain of Sacred Wonders, S. A. Latta.
Primitive Property, by E. Laveleye; introd. by Cliffe Leslie.
Shakespeare's Works, Parchment Library ed., 12 v., 82 and 85. K. P. & Co.

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1st eds. of Charles Warren Stoddard.
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